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IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
At Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

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June 20, 1879.-1y.

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GOV. TRUMBULL'S WAR OFFICE.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION NEVER BEFORE TOLD.

[*From the New York Sun.*]

The old war office in Lebanon, Conn., of Gov. Trumbull—Washington's Brother Jonathan—has lately received a new roof. This means that the little building which sheltered Washington, Rochambeau, and Lafayette, which was the meeting place of the "Council of Safety," and the halting place of the messengers who bore important despatches between Philadelphia and Boston, is not yet to be torn down. It also means that the mysterious document which Mistress Prudence Strong once hid there, in defiance of Gov. Trumbull and the Count de Rochambeau, will still longer remain in its hiding place—for years ago, even before Gov. Trumbull was gathered to his fathers, the villagers said that the papers would never be found until the building was taken down, and every rafter and every crevice between the stones of the large chimney was examined. Before I tell the tradition that has been handed down, and of which still the old townspeople say, with the manner of persons who know that there is a great secret hidden in the walls of the War Office—a secret that has been buried there a hundred years—a word or two ought to be written about the War Office itself. It was sadly slighted during the Centennial year, yet there is probably no building standing, save only Independence Hall, that sheltered at one time or another so many of the heroes of the Revolution as did this little gable-roofed structure on Lebanon Green. This is not a matter of tradition, but is fully authenticated by papers and letters which were collected by the late Judge Larned Hebard. Here were written the letters and hence came the suggestions to the Commander-in-Chief from Gov. Trumbull, which were so practical and bubbling over with good sense as to cause Washington always to speak of the Governor as Brother Jonathan, a name that in time became generic, and even now is applied to the "Universal Yankee Nation." Here always, when not called away, was the Governor to be found. Rochambeau made it his nominal headquarters when in winter quarters in Lebanon with his battallion. Gov. Trumbull's war office was as well known by common repute to every Revolutionary soldier as was Independence Hall. It stands to-day just as it did then, and, barring the new roof, looks as it then did, and the surroundings are almost identical—an advantage it at it has over Independence Hall. The Hon. Samuel J. Tilden, while visiting Lebanon a few years ago, evinced the greatest interest in the building. He said to Judge Hebard that it was a relic of the Revolution that ought carefully to be preserved, and suggested that it be made the depository of mementoes of that war.

From the papers and letters that Judge Hebard collected, many of them coming into his hands when settling an estate of the husband of one of Gov. Trumbull's daughters, from the information that Judge Hebard gained from members of the Trumbull family whom he knew, and from various other sources, the story of the secret of Prudence Strong—a secret which it is firmly believed would have been exposed had the office been torn down—is gathered.

The Count de Rochambeau, with his battallion of allies, in the winter of 1780 rested in Lebanon. The soldiers pitched their tents and built their huts on the slope of a hill, at the bottom of which ran a stream of water to the mill pond. Stream and pond and sloping hillside have not been changed since then by either nature or art.

The Count de Rochambeau sat eating his dinner of succotash and a juicy piece of beef one stormy afternoon. He had just received a despatch from Washington which pleased him greatly, and had sent a messenger to notify Gov. Trumbull that the Count de Rochambeau would do himself the honor of passing an hour or so of the evening with the Governor at the war office.

An unusual bustle in the camp attracted Rochambeau's attention. "What does this mean? Those fellows are unusually noisy to-night," he said to an aide-de-camp who dined with him.

"If I mistake not the sentry have captured a deserter," said the aid, rising and going to the window. He stood there peering through the glass, which was so imperfect as to make big men look very little, and small men look very large, besides gracing one body with four or even six pairs or legs.

"It is as I mistrusted, sire. They have caught a deserter, and, if my eyes do not deceive me it is Francois Duplan."

"No, not he," the Count said, rising. "Why, he is a gentleman. He cannot conceal that even from you, if he is a common soldier. He has the air of a grand mystery, and he is withal exceeding serviceable at the oven."

"It is he, nevertheless, sire, and you will pardon me if I recall to your memory the order that was issued by the Count de Rochambeau when the deserter was captured the other day and forgiven."

"Death at the next sunrise," said the Count, sinking into his chair.

"Death at the next sunrise," said the aid quietly.

"Methinks, had I known that this fellow would be the next, I would have waited till the next after he, for there is something about him that passes my comprehension greatly."

"You will——"

"No, I will not. The order was given, it must be followed. See that I am not awakened until after the sentence is executed."

A court martial was speedily convened, and Francois Duplan stood before it charged with having been captured by the pickets far beyond bounds, and making as it were his intention to pass thro' the north woods, out upon the Hartford turnpike.

"I cannot deny this," he said, "but I affirm that it was my intention to return before roll call and at once admit that I had disobeyed the rules."

"That is an apology easily framed after capture," suggested the Judge Advocate; "but if you can say what your purpose was in thus going beyond the lines, if it seems to us good and consistent with your return, it may make the difference between life and death with you, Francois Duplan."

"Alas, I cannot tell my purpose. I can say that it was a good one; that had it been accomplished, results of much concern to me and to another—yes, many others—might have come of it. As it is unaccomplished, my purpose would be laughed at and another made an object of ridicule."

"That must be a singular purpose, indeed, which you would prefer to lose your life rather than part with."

"If it must be so, then it must. I hoped to lose my life when I came to America, but not thus. However, what difference is it?"

They found him guilty and sentenced him to death. He was to be shot by six of his comrades at the next sunrise. Yet they pitied him. He was, by all accounts, a tall, handsome, brave fellow, a soldier whose ease of manner and whose habits indicated that his early life was passed in circles with which none of his companions were familiar. He was a stranger to them all when he joined them, and it had not escaped notice that the Count de Rochambeau, with his ever observant eye, had marked this common soldier, Francois, and had even once said, in the hearing of the sentry who paced in front of the door: "I mean to find out why this gentleman serves as a common soldier and who he is."

With all his reserve and hours of meditation, Francois was a favorite with his comrades, for while they felt that he was above them in refinement, in polish and experience, they knew that he made no effort to have them feel thus, but rather endeavored to repress all trials and emotions not shared in common by a private soldier. Yet he could not repress all. There was a method, a way, a mannerism of which he was unconscious. He had nursed the sick, done double duty to save some tired-out comrade, and there was gloom throughout the camp when it went forth that Comrade Duplan was to be shot at sunrise. They went by twos and threes and scores to the Count de Rochambeau to beg for mercy, and they returned heavy-hearted, not getting what they sought.

Duplan himself, so it was afterward said, was the most composed and seemingly least troubled soldier in the camp. Once, when the guard, with tears streaming down his cheeks, said: "Too bad! Too bad!" Duplan replied: "It is well." And then he added: "I have lived these five years in the shadow of death. To-day, yesterday, for a few weeks I have seen a little ray of sunlight breaking through the clouds. I knew to-day, when I stepped over the line, that, ere I returned, either the sun would once more shine for me, or that night would come forever."

"That seems to be the strange part of it all. There is not a soldier in camp who thinks you intended to desert."

"Nor did I. Had I succeeded, I should have returned, welcomed by the Count de Rochambeau, and not as Francois Duplan."

"Then you are not serving under your right name?"

"No. I once had—known a servant of that name."

Later in the evening Count de Rochambeau's aid brought a message to the sergeant in command. It was to the effect that any requests of Francois Duplan consistent with the execution of the sentence were to be granted. Food, writing materials, companions for the night, the choice of the comrades who were to execute the sentence—any wishes he might have were to be strictly carrien out. Duplan at first said that he had none, but suddenly, with an air of great earnestness, and yet timidly, he asked if a comrade might be detailed to escort from the village and home again one whom he would like to see.

"And who is this one?"

"Mistress Prudence Strong."

The aid looked at Duplan curiously for an instant.

"And why do you wish to see Mistress Prudence on such a night as this?" he asked.

"Did the Count de Rochambeau instruct you that I must give you the reasons for any wish I might desire granted?" was Duplan's answer.

The aid smiled significantly, but Duplan did not see that.

"Let it be then as he wishes," said the aide to the sergeant.

A soldier was detailed to go up into the village and escort Mistress Prudence to the camp. "Peradventure she will not come," he said to his comrades as he buttoned his great coat about him; "and yet I think she will. Have you not seen her at the oven when Duplan and the rest of us were baking bread? Did she not visit us one evening with some of the other maids, and bring us cider and apples?"

As the soldier passed the guard house, Duplan called him. "I pray you," said the prisoner, "not to reveal to Mistress Prudence my trouble. It is my last request to you, comrade."

Half an hour later the soldier returned. The flicker of the lantern that he carried revealed, as they passed the sentry, a slender female form, enwrapped from head to foot with a cloak. She preceded her escort a few steps. The snow was beginning to fall. Some of the flakes fell upon the tresses of her hair that escaped from the top of her hood where it encircled the face. She was shown the guard house. Duplan, standing, received her, waving his hand slightly, as if to warn her against any undue emotion. The guard, with a delicacy for which Duplan subsequently thanked him, turned his back to them, and paced slowly before the door. He heard voices. He did not hear, nor try to, what was said. He heard sobs, also. At the end of half an hour Duplan said distinctly: "Now, go. You will come to see me in the morning at the oven, will you not?" And then the guard knew that he had not told her what his sentence was, and that she did not know that she never would hear him speak again. As she quitted the guard house he put some papers that he took from his breast into her hand.

"Will you go with me to the War Office," she said to her escort, "and wait there until I have seen Mr. Trumbull? Then when we get to my father's house my father will make for you a hot punch I'll warrant. Yes, I know, the punch will be all ready, because Mr. Rudd, our minister, is in the kitchen this evening with father, and they always take a warm one when they are together."

The snow, as they passed to the highway, began to fall so thickly that even the light of the lantern was dimmed, but at this Mistress Prudence laughed, and the comrade who was acting as her escort thought her an extremely fearless girl, and wonderfully handsome withal. The walk to the War Office was a short one. Within ten minutes they were at the door.

"Halt!" said the sentinel, and he was so muffled up that it was the tone rather than the articulation that checked Mistress Prudence, who would otherwise have opened the door and gone in unannounced.

"Oh ho! It is you, is it, Mistress; and what do you here on such a night as this?" the sentinel said, after peering into the maiden's face.

"I would see Mr. Trumbull; truly I desire overmuch to speak to him. Will you admit me?"

The sentinel tapped at the door. It was opened. A ruddy glow burst from within, and by it two despatch bearers could be seen sitting on the counter—for before the war the office was a country shop—driving their spurs into the woodwork as their legs dangled a foot or more from the floor. The marks of the spurs of these and other messengers are to be seen in the woodwork even to this day. Mistress Prudence and her escort passed in to this room.—The despatch bearers, who were evidently in the midst of some rollicking story, and were plainly feeling the merrier for the mulled cider they had taken, eyed the female figure curiously at first; but when she threw her cloak and hood off and they saw the large gray eyes, now seeming very dark by the firelight, and that her features were exceeding fair and her manner gracious, they thought for certain that they were in the presence of one of the Governor's daughters, and became at once greatly courteous. One took her cloak and shook the snow from it, then put it before the fire. The other opened the door to the room in the rear where he knew the Governor was passing an hour with the Count de Rochambeau. Thus unannounced Mistress Prudence came into the Governor's presence. He sat at his oaken desk, but seemed for the moment to be more occupied over a certain discussion that he was having with Rochambeau than with his papers. The French noble man stood easily before the fire-place, the flames from the burning log burnishing the gilt of his scabbard. The Governor arose and the Count bowed. Both were exceeding tall, and Mistress Prudence seemed by contrast wofully small, but not less fearless than the men she confronted.

"Why, Mistress Prudence, what has brought you here? Do you come from your worthy father, the Esquire?"

"Ahem!" this in the slightest and yet most suggestive of tones from the Count."

"Pardon me," said the Governor.—"Let me, I beg, present Mistress Prudence Strong to the Count de Rochambeau. A worthy daughter of an exceeding worthy father, sir."

"Truly, that would almost go without the saying of it, your Excellency." And the Count with much grace took Mistress Prudence's brown but shapely hand and bent over it. "Did I not have the pleasure of leading the maid at the reel in the tavern dining room?" he asked.

"Indeed you did, sir," replied Mistress Prudence, curtseying. "But, Mr. Trumbull, will you tell me what Mr. Duplan, the tall French soldier, has done, and what is to be his punishment?"

The Governor, who had taken advantage of the colloquy between the maid and the Count to draw on his outer garment of plain brown homespun—for the room was sultry and he had removed it—turned with a look of surprise.

"I know nothing of any French soldier, Mistress Prudence, and prithee why should you visit me on such a night as this for such a matter?" he said.

"Because he is a good man and a brave soldier, and because he has done nothing to merit punishment."

"But why does Mistress Prudence become his intercessor, eh? Count, perhaps you know something of this. What does the maid mean, for I see that she is greatly exercised, and I know her to be not disturbed by trifles."

The Count de Rochambeau was very grave. He looked at the maid strangely, but not suspiciously. At length he said: "He is a deserter; there is much of mystery about him; but of all the mysteries there is none so very strange as this that has now come to my ears. Tell me," and he took the girl's hand, "what reason is there that you should thus intercede?"

"I cannot tell that now, sir," replied the mistress a little demurely, "but it is a good one."

Here the Count de Rochambeau looked very grave, but the Governor at once said: "I'd plight my honor, sire, the girl tells the truth. Tell me, Mistress Prudence, how came you to know this soldier."

"I have often seen him at the oven, over there, and in passing have chatted with him, as have the other maidens, for he speaks the English tongue as well as you or I."

"Was that entirely seemly?" said the Count gravely.

Mistress Prudence looked at the tall, gracious Frenchman wonderingly for an instant, and then slowly and instinctively catching his meaning, said, while her gray eyes sparkled and the blood mounted to her cheeks:

"There are none but brave and true women in Lebanon, sir."

The Count bowed low, with his hand over his heart, and humbly begged the maid's forgiveness.

"At the oven, you say," continued the Governor; "surely there could be no harm in that, for is not the oven on the common, at the rear of the meeting house?" [The brick oven still remains on the common, sadly broken in and gone to decay, but there nevertheless.]

"I came to ask you to cause him to be released, on my word that he has done nothing wrong. It is unseemly to shut such a man up as a prisoner for the space of one hour."

The Governor and the Count exchanged glances, and the quick eye of Mistress Prudence saw it. With the most dignified courtesy to the Count she turned her back upon him, and, going to the Governor, said: "Mr. Trumbull, you knew me when I was a child, before this war. Did you not see me lead the other maids to the school house, when the messenger from Lexington to Norwich stopped to tell us that blood had been shed, and did I not suggest to the maids that we even take our petticoats to make the implements of war with? Do you remember my ride to Hartford, alone through the forests, that I might carry to you the special despatches that were waiting you here from Gen. Washington?"

"In truth I remember all this, and to your credit."

"Then have I not the right to ask a slight favor?"

"But, Mistress Prudence, I cannot do what you would seek. My authority extends not to the battalion of the Count de Rochambeau."

"But you can plead with him."

"I see, Mistress Prudence, you little comprehend these matters, and in truth I wot my pleadings would not avail the half yours would."

The Count listened gravely to all this. Suddenly he said, but with infinite respect, "Tell me, do you love this man?"

"What has that to do with it?" she answered, straightening up and her gray eyes flashing indignation. "If he deserves punishment I might love him and still suffer him to be punished.—But he does not. I beg you to release him, for he has done nothing wrong."

The Count de Rochambeau said nothing.

"Will you not release him?" she pleaded tenderly, placing her hand on the Count de Rochambeau's arm. He turned his face away, but shook his head.

"Will you beg for me?" [This to the Governor, who stood with one hand on his oaken desk and looking very stern, as much as to say, "I like this not at all."]

"I cannot, Mistress Prudence."

"I know not what his punishment may be. It is disgrace sufficient to have been arrested. But I have here"—and she suddenly drew from the folds of her dress a thin packet of papers—"that which he gave me to-night, saying that were he punished I might keep them forever, were he not I might deliver them to the Count de Rochambeau. They are of great importance, sir, for they not only tell who Francois Duplan is, but certain other hints of value."

"Let me see them, child," said the Count, starting forward.

"Not till you promise, and I will tell you, furthermore, that on your written order for his release, I will kiss you as I might my father."

"Verily," said the Count, "those are but other words, the meaning of which is the affirmative answer to the question I put to you. Then you do love the soldier?"

"That is impudence, sir. I have not said so. Mayhap in your country women can do nothing unless the motive of love is imputed. It is not so here, as Mr. Trumbell well knows."

"You are a brave maid," said the Count de Rochambeau, "and you shall have your wish. Now let me have the papers."

With this Mistress Prudence rushed from the room, the Governor and Count staring at each other in amazement.—Presently she returned, looking demure, sly and wondrous pretty.

"I have put the papers where they are safe, sir. To-morrow when I see Mr. Duplan and he tells me that he is relieved from duress and disgrace, I will place them in your hands."

The Count flushed. He bit his lips, and at length said: "Then Mistress Prudence dare not trust to my honor?"

"Yes, yes," she said going to him prettily, "but methinks I will punish you for your impertinence, sir. You seek the papers greatly, and you must restrain your curiosity over night as a punishment for the question you put to me. Nevertheless I will partially requite you," and with that she put her face up to his, so that when he bent over she kissed him on his forehead. Then the Count sat at the Governor's desk and wrote an order pardoning Francois Duplan, or rather dismissing the charge of desertion as unfounded, thereby quieting his conscience regarding the peremptory order of death to deserters and gratifying his wishes. "Give this," he said, "to your escort, and charge him to deliver it to the sergeant on his return to the camp."

When she went away neither the Governor nor the Count proposed to make any search for the papers. The despatch bearers, in response to the Governor's inquiry, said that the maiden went up among the rafters.

Comrade Jacques showed Mistress Prudence to her father's door by the light of his lantern, and, nothing loth, went in. The mistress herself mixed him a punch of tremendous strength, which he drank in her honor. Then 'Squire Strong insisted on another, and the minister suggested that they drink to the cause, so that by the time Comrade Jacques was ready to go back to the camp he must have had more than a pint of Medford rum to warm him. The cold night air from without and the heated rum from within sent his brain at once into a whirl, and an hour after the sentinel took him to his tent in a state of the wildest intoxication, in which he constantly sang the praises of Mistress Prudence. They found on him at noon the next day the Count de Rochambeau's remission of the sentence of death.

At sunrise the sergeant and six weeping comrades, drawn by lot, led Duplan through the snow across the highway, nearly opposite the old mill. He knelt in the snow on the bank, and begged them to stand not more than five paces away. He calmly repeated a prayer, and then turning to his comrades said in a clear voice, "Aim for my heart," and dropped the handkerchief. He fell over in the snow dead, and by noon was buried where he fell. His comrades took from a stone wall a dozen or more boulders and placed them in a pile over the grave. [The little heap may be seen to this day.]

At noon, as the sun came out, Mistress Prudence appeared at the oven on the green. She asked for Mr. Duplan, and the Frenchmen smiled, and pointed to the earth. Even then she did not understand. Looking across the common she saw the Count de Rochambeau entering the War Office, and to him she at once went.

"Where is Mr. Duplan?"

"In his grave, Mistress Prudence."

She paled, but did not faint. She stood like a rock. She saw that the Count de Rochambeau was not jesting. The Count himself looked sadly at her, and was about to tell her of the drunken Jacques, made drunk by the mistress's own attentions, but she stopped him.

"You are a murderer," she said. "You have killed a brave and innocent man without cause. You have killed me. You trifled with me last night.—You care for women only to play with their feelings. He was a good man and a noble man. Oh! you are all servants of Satan. War. Is this war? Then I hate it. Better had there been no war. Yes, better have been slaves of the throne. But I tell you, sir, you will never know whom you murdered. If the constant thought that you may have killed one equally gentle with yourself may be a nourishment I hope that it will ever rankle in your breast. I have concealed the papers. He asked me to keep them forever in case he was not released. They are safely hidden. You will not find them unless you pull the Governor's office down. Perhaps not then, and it will not come down while you are alive."

Then she fainted, and an hour after they carried her home in a delirium.

In the spring when the snow was gone, they found a flower or two planted around the boulders over Duplan's grave. No one ever saw any person plant them, but every one knew that Mistress Prudence had been there. Before the next spring she was laid away in the old cemetery, near the Trumbull tomb (you may see the slab over the grave this day), and she never revealed the mystery. Search was often made for the papers without success, but there is no one who has heard the story who does not believe they are hidden in the War Office.

It is said that the Count de Rochambeau subsequently learned who Francois Duplan was, and that he was of gentle blood.

THE KEYNOTE OF THE CAMPAIGN.

CHAIRMAN MILLER SOUNDS THE SLOGAN OF VICTORY—ONCE MORE INTO THE BREACH.

To the Democracy of Pennsylvania:

You are again called upon to maintain the integrity of Democratic principles, and, by your action and votes, establish their supremacy in the State. The history and record of the party in all past time has been consistent, and its force has always been expended in defense of the rights of the citizen, guaranteed to him by the organic law of the land.

Your fealty to the party is not the result of subserviency to the dictates of any one man or set of men, but rests upon conviction, that its policy and principles, when fully carried out, have ever contributed to the prosperity and material wealth of the State. To this end it has invariably resisted the encroachments of political power directed against the rights of personal liberty and property. It is a fundamental principle of the Democratic party, that the majority shall rule—that the will of the people, fairly and freely expressed at the polls, is the supreme law of the land, and should be maintained at all hazards, and that any attempt to set aside that will so declared, is a crime against the State, and subversive of the rights of the individuals constituting it. To establish a government based upon this principle cost the best blood of the patriots of the Revolution, and base and degenerate would be their children if ever they should permit it to be impared. The highest privilege that can be exercised by a freeman is the right of the elective franchise; its enjoyment is secured to him by the bill of rights, which declares, That "elections shall be free and equal; and no power, civil or military, shall at any time interfere to prevent the free exercise of the right of suffrage." In the exercise of this right, the elector is a sovereign, and a tame submission to any encroachment upon it would speedily hasten a condition of servitude. In the exercise of the elective franchise, all are placed upon the same level, without regard to the conditions of life or fortune. The poorest voter, in the use of this privilege, wields a power equal to that of the richest and most powerful in the State. The ballot makes them equal, and its importance is no greater value to one than to the other, and hence—in the perfect security of its free exercise to every voter—rests the permanency of our system of self-government. To its free and untrammeled enjoyment the Democratic party pledges its unfaltering support. Under Republican rule this guaranteed right to every citizen has been flagrantly violated, not only in this, but in other states of the Union. But it was the heroic devotion of the Democratic party in the last Congress that reaffirmed and partially restored the right of the elector to a free ballot.

That was not a contest for political supremacy, but a struggle for a lost right, and accomplished for the people what in other times could not have been gained without an appeal to arms.

In this State,

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - SEPT. 5, 1879.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR STATE TREASURER:
DAN'L O. BARR, Allegheny County.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR SHERIFF:
MICHAEL J. NAGLE, of Carroll Twp.
FOR POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR:
JOHN ROHRAUGH, of Croyle Twp.
FOR JURY COMMISSIONER:
JOHN J. HORNICK, of Richland Twp.
FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR:
HENRY SCANLAN, of Carrolltown.

THE election in Maine will take place on Monday next, and the result will play sad havoc with the reputation of a large army of political prophets.

IT is not of much importance now, nevertheless Justice Miller, of the U. S. Supreme Court, one of the eight to seven Electoral Commission, admitted the other day, in conversation with a reporter of the New York *Sun*, that Tilden had received a majority of 8,000 in Louisiana. Miller and his colleagues refused, however, to go behind the figures of the Returning Board in order to get at the truth, on the distinct ground that it would be a violation of the rights of a State; and yet to-day Republican orators in Maine and Ohio are howling themselves hoarse over the doctrine that a State has no rights which the "nation" (with a big G) is bound to respect.

THE Confederate General, John B. Hood, the death of whose wife from yellow fever in New Orleans we noticed last week, died from the same disease in that city on Saturday last, and one of his daughters fell a victim to it on the day following. Hood was one of the ablest of the rebel commanders, and is best remembered on account of his defeat at Nashville, in December, 1864, the Union army being under the command of the noblest Roman of them all, Gen. George H. Thomas, of Virginia. The dashing and impetuous rebel General, Pat. Cleburne, who was an Irishman all over, was killed, if we mistake not, on that hard contested and bloody field.

THE daily Lancaster *Intelligencer* entered upon its sixteenth volume on Monday last, and marked so important an event in its history by appearing in an entire new dress of type, as well as making several appropriate changes in its editorial features. We have often heretofore taken occasion to commend the *Intelligencer* as an exceptionally able and fearless Democratic organ, and this renewed evidence of its prosperity is conclusive proof that its merits are fully appreciated at home—a result which is always sure to attend a reliable and well conducted newspaper. A journal like the *Intelligencer* that is not afraid to speak the truth, even though at the expense of its own party, or some of the members thereof, cannot fail to enlist public confidence and meet with a willing and generous support.

THERE is no man who would more likely get at Grant's "true inwardness" on the third term question than the guerilla, John S. Mosby, now, by the grace of Mr. Hayes, United States consul at Hong Kong, China. When Grant was President Mosby was a constant and welcome visitor at the White House, and exercised almost supreme control over Federal appointments in Virginia. Grant visited Hong Kong in his eastern travels, and in a letter to a friend in Washington, Mosby, in speaking of the high old time he and Grant had together, says: "All talk about General Grant not accepting a nomination for the Presidency is nonsense. I had several long talks with him on the subject when he was here, and he expects to run. He will be elected, too." Any man who has carefully watched the different phases of the third term movement since Grant left the White House, and who recollects what Simon Cameron and other Republican leaders said in their speeches on the steamboat two years ago last May, when they escorted Grant down the Delaware to the vessel on which he was to take passage for England, will have no difficulty in believing that Mosby knew what he was putting on paper when he said that Grant "expects to run." He hasn't expected anything else for more than two years, and didn't even say so in language susceptible of that construction in his interview with the Viceroy of Tientsin, although some persons were innocent enough to place that interpretation upon it.

JAMES G. BLAINE, who is more of a demagogue than a statesman, and who is now engaged in a hand to hand struggle to reinstate his party in Maine in the ascendency, recently issued the following singular campaign document:

"Our opponents, both of the Democratic and Greenback party, are thoroughly supplied with funds outside of the State. Our confidence, however, is well based when we assume that many of the Democratic dispensers of party funds will filch a large proportion for their own personal benefit, and that the corruption fund by which Maine is to be carried will be largely diverted from this end by the personal dishonesty of those to whom it is intrusted." (Signed.) JAS. G. BLAINE and others of the Republican State Committee.

We have no doubt that Blaine regarded this thrust at the Democratic and Greenback dispensers of campaign funds as decidedly smart, and that it would produce quite a sensation, but he forgot the history of his own party in that State. Horace Greeley, however, had reason to remember the scurvy ways of Maine Republicans as far back as 1860, when Lincoln was elected President, and for Blaine's special edification some evil-disposed Democrat in that State has unearthed the following letter written by Greeley, in which he gives expression to his opinion of the "thievish" and "beggarly" Republican politicians in Maine, of whom Blaine is the special mouthpiece and representative. Here is Greeley's letter:

NEW YORK, August 31, 1860.—Friend Pike: I very cheerfully contribute $20 toward the Maine election fund, provided you will see it honestly expended. I don't trust the average run of Maine politicians, who are thievish (even the priests) and beggarly (even the leading editors). They are a poor lot, and will swallow all the funds they can get hold of. HORACE GREELEY.

James S. Pike, Esq., Calais.

THE Dauphin county grand jury did thorough work with the legislative bribery cases committed to its charge last week, performing its duties in the premises "without fear, favor or affection." True bills of indictment were found against Kemble, Salter, Crawford, Leisinring, Shoemaker, Long and McCune, for corrupt solicitation of members of the House in connection with the Pittsburg riot bill. True bills on the presentment of the grand jury were also found against Petroff, Smith, Clarke and Rumbarger, members of the House, for corrupt solicitation, and also true bills against Kemble, Salter and Crawford for perjury. After all this had been done the grand jury came into court on Saturday afternoon with a presentment, which was quite a surprise, and which was not expected as a part of the programme, against Charles S. Wolfe, of Union county, M. H. Silverthorne and A. M. Short, both of Erie county, and both members of the last House, charging them with conspiracy to advise and promote corrupt solicitation of members of the Legislature. It will be remembered that Silverthorne informed Wolfe and Short that Rumbarger had offered him $750 for his vote in favor of the riot bill—that he asked them whether he (Silverthorne) should act the detective by agreeing to take the money and thus get at the bottom of the corruption—that Wolfe urged him to agree with Rumbarger to vote for the bill, and if possible to get some of the money in his hands, to be used as evidence against the lobby—that Silverthorne went with Rumbarger to Kemble's room—that Kemble said he would make good any arrangement entered into between Silverthorne and Rumbarger about the $750, and that Silverthorne, to show that he meant to carry out his part of the contract, voted for Long's amendment to the bill; but Rumbarger's *pile* not having been paid, nor any prospect that it would be, he then voted against the bill, and soon after gave a history of his experience. It is on these facts that the grand jury made the presentment, and it raises the question how far an honest man may tamper with corrupt legislators and a corrupt lobby without rendering himself criminally liable.—Judge Pearson refused to issue processes against Wolfe and his two associates, and said he would give the matter careful consideration before acting upon it. Owing to want of time, all the cases were then continued until Monday, November 17th, when they will be taken up and severally disposed of. Judge Black and Senator Carpenter were in court when the continuance was applied for and granted.

THE Democratic State Convention of New York will meet at Syracuse on Wednesday next, to nominate a candidate for Governor and other State officers. The event is one of more than usual importance in view of the position which the leaders of Tammany Hall have seen proper to assume, in regard to the action of the convention so far as the question of Governor is concerned. All indications point to the renomination of Governor Robinson, the present fearless and independent executive, and against that result the Tammany Hall leaders, under the inspiration of John Kelly, have issued an address to the Democracy of the State in which they not only protest against the nomination of Gov. Robinson, but avow their settled determination to oppose his election if nominated. It is conceded that with the support of John Kelly and his followers the re-election of Gov. Robinson would be placed beyond any reasonable doubt, while their opposition to him would in all probability defeat him. Is the Democratic party in the great State of New York a mere football to be kicked about for the amusement or caprice of John Kelly and his crowd? and, if so, upon what pretense can Tammany ask for the admission of its delegates into a convention whose action it has repudiated in advance? The defeat of Gov. Robinson, if he should be nominated, would imperil the success in that State next year of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and if Mr. Kelly is prepared to assume such a fearful responsibility, the Democracy of the whole entire country want to know it. Kelly is of course opposed to Tilden, but as the New York *World* well says, the election this year in that State is not to be fought on the issue of Tilden or anti-Tilden, but in favor of Gov. Robinson and honesty in the State government, leaving the Tilden question to be fought out and disposed of by the convention next year. John Kelly is justly regarded as an honest man, but he will forever forfeit his good name with the Democracy of the Union if he permits his personal resentments against Governor Robinson to deprive his party of the vote of New York in the great Presidential contest of next year. In this supreme crisis of the Democratic party John Kelly and Tammany Hall, always obedient to his wish, can afford to take any other shape than *that*.

THE statement is made that the recent Democratic convention in Venango county was controlled by the friends of R. L. Cochran, Esq., "who is an ardent supporter of Senator Wallace." This may be important and then again it may not. What possible difference can it make to the Democratic party, or what remote connection can it have with the next election in this State, whether R. L. Cochran, Esq., is an ardent supporter of Senator Wallace, or whether he is an ardent supporter of Speaker Randall, or whether he is an ardent supporter of any man at all? And yet, because Cochran sees proper to be the friend of Mr. Wallace, the inference must be drawn, we suppose, that he is therefore the sworn enemy of Mr. Randall. How childish and contemptible are such small efforts to create feelings of personal enmity between the friends of Messrs. Wallace and Randall.

IS IT POSSIBLE that a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., make so many and such marvelous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do? It must be, for when old and young, rich and poor, Pastor and Doctor, Lawyer and Editor, all testify to having been cured by them, we must believe and doubt no longer. See other column.

APROPOS of the recent improvement of that faithful and efficient Democratic journal, the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, notice of which will be found in another column, we copy the following sensible letter of congratulation addressed to the editors and proprietors of said journal by D. O. Barr, Esq., the Democratic candidate for State Treasurer:

To Messrs. Steinman and Hensel, Editors of the Lancaster Intelligencer:

GENTLEMEN—I congratulate you and your readers on the proposed improvement of the *Intelligencer* typographically, in connection with the opening of a new volume. You could not well add anything to the earnestness with which it has always advocated Democratic principles and battled for the Democratic organization. Its force and power as a representative of Democratic opinion, and of the best tendencies of the party, are conceded everywhere, and that business prosperity attends your labors is proof positive of the fact.

It seems to me that greater activity on the part of the Democracy of the State to sustain and extend the circulation of their party journals, the wide-reaching country papers, as ellas the dailies of the cities, is demanded by the necessities of the times and the grave importance of impending political events, particularly those of next year. The country press is the direct local educator of the people in current events and contending principles. The one hundred and thirty Democratic newspapers in Pennsylvania reach, or should reach, the voters almost at once at the polls determines elections and the policies of the State and nation. It is a business proposition that the press will be effective, capable and influential just in proportion as it is liberally and justly sustained. Without its active co-operation our political organization would loose its efficiency, discipline and *courage under defeat*. As we have had something more than our share of defeats in Pennsylvania, the duty of facing reverses with manliness and determination has been the touch-stone of fidelity to the party, and in doing this, and in encouraging the Democracy to renewed exertions for the cause, the Democratic press has rendered its most conspicuous service. Especially in view of the great battle of next year should the active Democrats of every county in the State set about the practical and important work of getting a Democratic journal into every Democratic household of the commonwealth, as well as into the households of as many of our Republican and National friends as they can accomplish. It is the best mode of electioneering, as it elevates all efforts in that line to the plane of reasoning and thinking.

Again congratulating you on the past and on the outlook for the future of the *Intelligencer*, and wishing it centuries of Democratic life and usefulness,

I am yours, truly,
D. O. BARR.

THE OHIO CANVASS.

The brag and bluster of the Republicans deceive no one. When they say the Democrats have abandoned all hope of electing Ewing and are concentrating their efforts to save the Legislature, we recognize the trick as a tam liar one, played in 1871 when Bishop was successful by over 20,000 majority. It had no effect then and will have none now. Everybody with an ounce of gumption knows the race will be a close one, that the canvass will be a hot one, and that both parties will strain every nerve to bring their voters to the polls and make converts. This as a matter of course. General Ewing interviewed by a *Post* reporter at Steubenville on Wednesday was disinclined to talk politics, but expressed every confidence he would win. That the Democrats are hopeful we have abundant proof in the tone of their press and from well posted Ohio Democrats we meet every day or two.

The committee appointed by the Toledo National Convention has indorsed Ewing, and some of the most noted Greenbackers in the State are on the stump for him, including General Carey, Dr. Sturgeon, Stephen Johnston and others of their foremost men. It is computed he will get two-thirds of the 40,000 Greenback votes polled last fall. This would give him a majority over Foster of 25,000. The idea of there being a defection of so-called Democratic hard money men is set down as absurd by every Ohio Democrat with whom we have talked.

That the Republicans feel their prospects are desperate is shown by their extraordinary efforts. Already two cabinet ministers have been on the stump in the State, and John Sherman the other night got down to the level of making beer hall speeches in Cincinnati, to coddle the Germans. Hayes is to make "a progress" through the State next month. The black-mailing machine at Washington is extracting the needed funds from the government clerks, and Sherman's New York First National will make liberal contributions from the profits accruing from the extension of its $36,000,000 indebtedness to the government. Of course money is a powerful lever, but we don't believe the State can be bought away from Ewing and the Democracy.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

CAT FUR AND ELECTRICITY.—The most remarkable invention of this or any other age is duly chronicled by the Columbus (Ohio) *Dispatch*. It is based upon the electrical properties of the fur of cats. With a battery of 128 cats the inventor succeeded in generating a current so strong that it instantly polarized all lightning arresters and remagnetized all switch boards on the way to Omaha. The operators all along the line were teror stricken and rushed from their offices. Eighteen hundred and nine glass insulators were broken and as many poles shattered, as if by lightning. A great deal more damage would doubtless have resulted if the copper rod over which the battery was suspended had not suddenly become red hot and burned the tails off the cats and let them drop. When only a moderately strong current of electricity is desired, it is obtained by densly populating the small floor of the cage, which is made of sheet copper, that being the best conductor. The electricity thus generated charges the copper floor of the cage, and as the electricity cannot pass off to the ground through the glass insulators, it seeks its exit over the wires that are connected by soldering to each end of the copper plate. For generating a powerful current, the cats are carefully and securely tied tail totail in pairs, and by the loop thus formed they are suspended from a heavy insulated copper rod that passes longitudinally through the cage, to the ends of which are attached the telegraph or telephone lines.

ADDRESS OF THE DEMOCRATIC STATE COMMITTEE.—Chairman Miller's ringing address to the Democracy of the State is printed in full elsewhere. It presents the issues paramount in the pending struggle so tersely and succinctly that it needs no comment to give additional emphasis to the strong points with which it bristles. It is a masterly indictment of the Republican ring that has long dominated the political and material interests of this State, and brought upon it the contumely from which the commonwealth cannot hope to free itself so long as the people continue tamely to submit to the leadership of the bad men who have fastened themselves upon the body politic, diffusing corruption throughout every fibre in which their malevolent influence has succeeded in making itself felt. The Chairman boldly defines the attitude of the Democracy upon the question now uppermost in the public mind, and by his aggressive and incisive utterances puts the opposition just in the position where we can wage the most effective warfare. The Democracy have assumed the offensive in the struggle, and under the standard of a free and fair ballot, resistance to unwarranted corporative encroachments, and a pure administration of public trusts, the result of November's battle cannot be doubted by anyone who professes faith in public morality and the efficacy of self-government.—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Flood, the millionaire, weighs 220 pounds, and has a private park containing 2,000.

—Strychnine, taken as a remedy for obesity, killed a young woman at Rapids Bridge, N. Y.

—A Chinaman is the cause of a divorce suit between a white husband and wife at Peoria, Ill.

—The estate of O'Brien, the California mining speculator, turns out to be worth $9,000,000.

—Two hundred Icelanders have formed a colony called Minneota on the Northern Pacific Railroad.

—Walter W. Stewart, who has neither arms nor legs, has married the daughter of the manager of a Boston side show in which he is on exhibition.

—The six daughters of Peter Siple, of North Ferrisburgh, Vt., average 217 pounds each, and his entire family of eight weighs 1,762 pounds.

—Miss Porter of Detroit paid a hackman less than he demanded, and he angrily struck her. She drew a revolver from her satchel and shot him dead.

—In Claysville, Western Pennsylvania, Miss Sarah Smith has lain forty days without taking food or stimulants.

—In taking down an old saw-mill at Dingman's Ferry, Pike county, one hundred and eighty feet of black snakes had to be killed.

—Edward Williams, a hack driver, shot his wife dead in a disreputable house in San Francisco, on Saturday, because she refused to go back and live with him.

—The Cathedral choir, of Baltimore, which for the past two years has been famous for its rendition of the grand music of the Gregorian chant, has been disbanded.

—At a reunion of pioneer settlers in Lee county, Iowa, on Friday, a young couple were married in an old-fashioned log cabin, built for the occasion, 20,000 people looking on.

—William Stinson, of Lower Oxford, Delaware county, Pa., is the owner of a Guernsey cow not two years old, which on a common pasture made eight and a half pounds of butter in one week.

—John Campbell, while endeavoring to fasten a rope on a shaft at Cole Creek, McKean county, on Friday, was instantly killed. His body was caught in the cables and horribly mangled.

—A curiosity in the way of camp-meetings is furnished by Centreville, Chester county. There opened in that place Sunday a camp in which the services are wholly conducted by women.

—It is said by the Cologne *Gazette* that a Keltwig woman has had five children—four boys and one girl—at a birth. They only lived a few hours. Though very small, they were well formed.

—A. L. Donaldson, of Baltimore, brother of the late W. H. Donaldson, the peronaut, swam from Norfolk to Old Point, Monday last, a distance of fifteen miles, in six hours. He has but one arm.

—A Russian peasant woman recently gave birth to female twins, with separate heads and arms, but a common trunk and only three legs. They are healthy, and at baptism were named Anne and Antonine.

—O'Brien, the California millionaire, left most of his fortune to a niece named Isabel Coleman, who was married the other day to a young May, of Maryland, a cousin of the May who fought young Jim Bennett.

—The Rev. James Anderson, Congregationalist, has just celebrated, at Manchester, Vt., the fiftieth anniversary of his installation. He is 81 years of age, and is not now in the active work of the ministry.

—Out of 80,250,000 English-speaking people of the world, 17,750,000 are Episcopalians, 14,000,000 Methodists, 13,500,000 Catholics, 10,000,000 Presbyterians, 8,000,000 Baptists and 7,000,000 Congregationalists.

—Up in Wayne county, Mrs. Utt had a fight with an eagle. It sank its talons into her arm, tore her flesh and made a desperate fight. But the madame Utterly annihilated the eagle by choking it to death, or a reporter lies.

—A big dog at a Philadelphia brewery drinks from two to four quarts of lager beer every day, and likes it so well that, on emptying the dish, he licks his chops, and makes a noise that sounds like an "Ah-h" of great satisfaction.

—Tonahatcho, a young Seminole, has been attending the public school at Fort Myers, Florida, and stands at the head of all of his classes. He is a bright and intelligent Indian and appears to drop readily into the habits of the whites.

—There is in Sandersonville, Ga., a blind negro who is a professional well digger. He not only digs and cleans out wells, but can rive boards and shingles, and nail them on a house in as straight a line as though he had perfect sight.

—The excess of exports of the United States over the imports of merchandise for the twelve months ended July 31, 1879, were $263,572,089. In gold and silver coin and bullion the excess of exports over imports for the same period was $5,280,083.

—Nona Trowbridge, whose two sisters recently hanged themselves in Chicago because they dreaded poverty, is hopelessly ill. The shock of the tragedy prostrated her, and for two days she did not eat or drink a particle. She is now insane and dying.

—Samuel Ham, a farmer of St. Clair county, Mo., was murdered by three unknown horsemen, who rode up while he was boiling sorghum and shot him. He was supposed to have a considerable sum of money, but the murderers failed to find any, and rode away.

—A young lady of Bradford, who was on her way to the depot, three times refused to notice the attentions of a dog, and at the depot kicked him out of the way. The canine then deliberately threw himself before an approaching train and was instantly killed.

—Maurice Perkins, a Cleveland reporter, was caught by order of Henry Chisholm, a wealthy man, one night recently, and painted black—a decided hint at the old remedy of tar and feathers. Perkins now endeavors to black Chisholm's eye by suing for $25,000 damages.

—In Brighton, Carlton county, N. B., Donald McLeod was employed by James Page to protect his orchard from depredation by boys. Late on Sunday evening a son of McLeod passed through the orchard to shorten his walk home and was shot by his father. A fatal result is expected.

—The umbrella thief has at last been circumvented, an ingenious New Englander having, within the last month, taken out a patent for a pocket umbrella, so constructed that it can be folded up, and placed in an ordinary pocket without serious inconvenience. He is a benefactor of his race.

—The steamer Great Eastern, which has long been lying at Milford Haven, England, is to be fitted up with new boilers and machinery at a cost of £100,000 as a cattle ship. It is estimated that she will carry 2,200 head of cattle and 36,000 sheep. She is to trade between London and ports in Texas.

—Baptistine Philip, a handsome young woman of Aix, in France, poisoned to death a woman whom she was nursing, and robbed her of all she possessed; killed her husband's uncle in the same way, and finally put her husband to death, after he had willed to her the property inherited from her uncle.

—The forest near Dillon, Kan., has an uncommon hermit in the person of a young and not ugly woman, who lodges in a rude hut, eats vegetables and game of her own getting, and will not say a word to persons who intrude upon her. It is conjectured that she is insane; but, aside from her lonely mode of life, there is nothing in her conduct to sustain that belief.

—Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, when he finds a boy who is bright and unable to educate himself, looks him squarely in the eyes to see if he is honest and then puts him to school. Mr. Stephens has done this much for fifty-three boys, and every one of them has repaid him.

—A Frenchman claims to have discovered in two natural substances, inexhaustible in nature, the means of lighting and maintaining a fire without wood or coal; a fire instantaneously lighted and extinguished, causing no dust, smoke, or trouble, costing one-tenth of ordinary fuel, and everlasting.

—Two boys in Westphalia, aged 16 and 13, lost their parents, by death, and were so sorrowful that they concluded to die, too. They wrote a will disposing of their money and playthings. Then the elder killed his brother with a hammer, after which he swallowed poison, opened a vein in his wrist, and shot himself through the head.

—A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record* suggests the propriety of doing away with secrecy in the society of the Grand Army of the Republic. He says there is no essential use in its secret meetings, and veteran soldiers who are Catholics are now prevented from becoming members, unless they violate the rules of the Church.

—If Mr. Barr is elected State Treasurer, says the Pottsville *Standard*, he will superintend the office personally, something which has not been done in the recollection of the oldest politician. Being a practical banker and an accomplished financier, Mr. Barr can do that which Mr. Butler or Mr. Sutton will have to hire some one else to do.

—Mrs. Thankful Taylor, of Washington, Mass., aged seventy years, is a self-made and remarkable woman. In her youth she gained a thorough knowledge of English, Greek and Latin, working for her books and studying them at the spinning wheel. She also became versed in secular and church history, medicine, science and general literature.

—Three beautiful girls of Macon, Ga., having met at Catoosa Springs, fell into a pious strain for want of male companions, and concluded to pray for the welfare of their lovers. The first one to kneel had not gone very far along in her petition when it was discovered that they were all engaged to the same man. The religious exercises were terminated at once.

—A youth entered D. Dunsmore's kitchen at Lowville, N. Y., the other day and asked the servant whether breakfast was ready. She answered yes, and he walked into the dining room, sat down with the family, and ate a hearty meal. The girl took him to be some friend of the family, while the family supposed he was the servant girl's friend. He proved to be a tramp.

—In Pittsburg, Herman Shaffer, a German, ninety years of age, was beaten by a woman named Hoover so severely that he cannot recover. They became involved in an altercation over their children, during which the woman armed herself with a poker and struck her antagonist on the head with it, knocking him down. In falling the old gentleman broke two ribs and it is thought injured himself internally.

—A man describing himself as George Aucher, German tailor, aged fifty-two years, was arrested Saturday night and locked up on a charge of intoxication. Next morning he was found dead in his cell. On a paper in his pocket was the following: "I have been in New York four weeks, and drank up everything; could find no work, so I'll take my last drink. G. A. Hallelujah, Amen." Strychnine was also found in his pocket.

—Martha Rogers, who died a few days ago at Middletown, Conn., for fifty years possessed a fortune; but she was constantly dreading poverty, and regularly spent a part of her time gathering rags and other discarded things in the streets. A room in her house was filled with such rubbish. Yet she gave money liberally for charitable and religious purposes, while she lived, and by her will left $25,000 to various institutions.

—The New York *Independent* has this to say regarding the influence of the Presbyterian General Assembly upon the individual churches: "The Saratoga General Assembly cost a hundred thousand dollars. One of its principal acts was the passing of a resolution against dancing. The week after the resolution was promulgated three of the Presbyterian churches of Brooklyn had picnics, at which dancing was freely indulged in.

—A girl at Hopkinton, Vt., was a cripple from her birth until lately. The story of her cure, as her family tells it, is that, while at dinner, a deadly pallor and an expression of agony were observed upon her face, and she complained of a sudden and terrible pain in her diseased leg simultaneously with the appearance of a strange, shadowy form by her side. From that hour she began to recover, and she is now comparatively well.

—An agent of the New York co-operative association for colonizing, to the aid of which Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson has contributed so liberally, has arrived at Atlanta, Ga., and is already in negotiation for a large body of land, about 30,000 acres, in one of the northern counties of that State. The land under consideration is in a healthy and fertile section, and is believed to be specially adapted to the wants of northern colonists.

—Detective Lyon, of Reading, who was engaged at the time of the mysterious death of old Jacob Weller at "The Forest," Lancaster county, to work up the case, has written a long letter to the Lancaster *New Era*. In this letter he states that several of the Weller family admitted to him that Clem Skiles and John Weller killed the old man for his money, but afterward denied that they had made such a statement.

—A peculiar case of trance has caused great excitement in Hereford, England. It is that of a young girl who had been laid out for dead, and for whose interment all preparations had been made, when it was discovered that she was in a trance. For three weeks before that she had partaken of no food, and since her recovery from the trance she has had her tongue protruding, the eyebulls rigidly fixed, while the frame at times has been hysterically agitated.

—Patrick Smith, an aged and respectable resident of Newburg, N. Y., left his home nine weeks ago, while suffering from sickness. He was worried lest he should become a burden to his family. All efforts to ascertain his whereabouts were unavailing until last Thursday, when he was found in Vaylanek's woods in a nearly famished condition, and so emaciated that his most intimate friends were for a long time in doubt as to his identity. He had been living on bark, berries and rye heads.

—Barksdale, who killed Dixon at Yazoo, Miss., has written a letter to a relative in which he says: "I had positive knowledge that Dixon had plotted to assassinate me and that my life was in constant peril; but he was not satisfied with abusing me and threatening my life. He defamed the innocent who are dearer to me than all others on earth and who could have had nothing to do with the issues between him and myself." Of course this letter will not appear in any Republican newspaper.

—On Thursday evening, after prayer meeting at Bennett's Brook, about one mile from Bradford, the congregation started for a stream of water, about half a mile distant, to witness the ordinance of a baptism administered in the moonlight. Three children of Mr. and Mrs. John Coverts were left at home with a lamp burning on the table in the centre of the room. During the ceremonies the house was discovered to be on fire, and two of the children were saved, but the third perished in the flames.

—Jerry Goldsmith is the hero of Stone Mountain, Ga. That precipitous mass of rock is used by Georgians as a sort of picnic ground. On Friday little Emma Jones fell over the steep side of the mountain, which has a perpendicular height of 1,600 feet, but fortunately lodged on a ledge, where she could hold on by sticking her fingers in a crevice. Jerry Goldsmith tied a rope about his waist and swung down fifty feet below the brink and rescued the child. A man was dashed to pieces at the same precipice a few years ago.

—Mrs. G. A. Taylor is known in Mississippi as the "$80,000 widow of Greenville." She appeared as a plaintiff in the office of the Mayor of Greenville the other day and attracted attention by sitting with her hand in her pocket. The counsel for the defense suggested that the widow doubtless wished the witnesses to believe that she had a revolver in her pocket, thus seeking to intimidate them. After a lengthy parley Mrs. Taylor drew forth her hand and with it appeared a six-barrel pistol, freshly charged. She was fined $50 on the spot for carrying concealed deadly weapons.

—Fears of a grasshopper invasion in the Sierra Nevada Valley have caused old inhabitants to give their recollection of the devastation produced by them twenty years ago. They were remarkably intelligent in those days. When they found fallen trees across their line of march, they banked up against them to the depth of three feet, forming an inclined plane, up which marched the advancing host. On the north side of dwellings the insects thus banked up died, and the inmates had to shovel them up and cart them away. In some places this year they have filled the creeks and fouled the water to such a degree that the cattle will not drink it.

—The house of Nathaniel Davies, in Palmyra township, Pike county, was burned on Wednesday evening while Mr. and Mrs. Davies were absent at a prayer meeting. Mr. Davies' mother, 85 years of age, attempted to save the youngest child, but caugh her foot between two timbers, and she and the child were burned to death. An incendiary fire in London, Ohio, on Friday night, destroyed Greenleaf's livery stable and two large barns. It was the third time the stable was set on fire. The Syracuse bolt company's shop, in Onondaga penitentiary, was burned on Saturday morning. Loss $20,000. The woolen mill and hat factory of Griffey & Co., at White Deer mills, opposite Watsontown, N. Y., was totally destroyed by fire on Saturday night. Loss $150,000; partially insured. The orgin of the fire is unknown.

FACTS INCONTROVERTIBLE.—The people of Cambria county, or a goodly portion of them at least, will manifest the fact—

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $3.50 to $2.75, we are never out of them;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $4.00 to $3.00, we always have them on hand;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $5.50 to $4.00, they are always in stock;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $6.75 to $5.75, we can always find them for customers;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $8.50 to $6.75, we don't tell people we have just sold the last suit;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $12.25 to $10.50, we can always furnish a perfect fit.

Remember that the goods quoted above are lined throughout, and are saleable, desirable and serviceable clothing.

Pants we can sell in jeans from 50c. up; in cotton worsted from 90c. up; in cassimeres from $2.75 up. In gents' furnishing goods we can sell you linen bosomed shirts from 40c. up; calico shirts from 20c. up; muslershirts and drawers from 20c. up; suspenders from 6c. up; half hose from 4c. up; hats from 25c. up; caps from 5c. up. The largest stock of trunks and valises in Altoona.

Remember we are slaughtering summer clothing, straw hats, etc., in order to close out our stock of summer wear at the New Clothing Depot, 1220 Eleventh avenue, which is known far and near as the cheapest house in the trade, and the best place in the country to buy good clothing, hats, caps and furnishing goods at honest prices.

CHARLES SIMON,
In Dr. Christy's Building, in rear of Logan House, Altoona, Pa.

SANDALINE has become a familiar name all over the world. It is a talisman of hope and life to the sick, the afflicted and the despairing. It is the greatest remedy ever discovered, and has healed thousands of the most stubborn and long seated diseases of the liver, kidneys, blood, skin, genital organs and nervous system. When physicians, drugs, and medicines utterly failed, Sandaline permanently cured. Over one hundred thousand cases of cures are on record in the European and Eastern cities and hospitals. Its progress in America has been marvellous, and exceeds anything in the annals of medical science. It is sold and used in all the States and Territories, and the demand has increased at a rate that required extraordinary arrangements to supply. Scientific and medical authorities of the greatest eminence recommend it. Multitudes that have been cured of various diseases gratefully testify in its favor. Sandaline Elixir is an unrivaled gentle cathartic and tonic. Sandaline Lotion is the best liniment, wash and injection in the world. Sandaline Hair Life is unequaled to make the hair grow soft and glossy and prevent baldness. Sandaline Cologne is the most exquisite perfume ever discovered. All the Sandaline preparations are incomparably superlative. Will do just as recommended, used as directed, or money refunded. Price $1. Ask your druggist. Dr. Gonnod's great medical work, full of interest, over 250 pages. Price $1. Send for it. Parlor and consultation offices, No. 5, West 14th Street, New York.

THE RABER TRAGEDY.—*Confessions of Two of the Participants.*—Charles Drew and Frank Stichler, two of the "six blue-eyed murderers" now under sentence of death at Lebanon, Pa., for the drowning of old man Raber, have each made a confession, the statement of the first named being a reiteration of his own innocence and a direct charge against young Stichler, while that of the latter, as will be seen by the following dispatch, dated Reading, Sept. 3d, is a full history and admission of his (Stichler's) part in the diabolical, cold-blooded murder. The dispatch says:

The Lebanon *Times* of to-morrow will contain the confession of Frank Stichler, the youngest of the Raber murderers, made this afternoon in the presence of his counsel. The confession goes over the entire ground, and it is principally important in its detail of the manner in which the crime was committed and in alleging that Peters, the principal witness in the prosecution, had previously gone with Drews and Raber to a stream in which Drews and Peters intended to drown the old man, and that Peters subsequently purchased chloroform or ether at Jonestown to give Raber. After these two failures to kill Raber Stichler was employed. He knew nothing of the parties engaged in the conspiracy. His communications have been solely with Drews, who was to pay him one hundred dollars for the part he took in it. He confessed that he (Stichler) got Raber by the use of chloroform or ether and pumped it into him upon him, and that Drews got hold of him (Stichler) and pressed him down in the water. His story can best be described as resembling very closely the noise of a steam fire engine, gradually lessened, and at about 5.30 Mr. Taylor was rather relieved to find that his apparently but inconveniently-powerful lawn-sprinkler had disappeared, for the present at least, within subterranean recesses. The rumbling sound continued for a few minutes and then ceased, though the water which filled up the pipe to within twenty-three feet of the surface of the earth was disturbed for some time afterward by a bubbling noise.

VISITORS to the State Fair, to be held in Philadelphia from the 8th to the 20th of September, will find at the St. Cloud Hotel, on Arch street, above 7th, every comfort and convenience known to modern hotels. An air of neatness and cleanliness is everywhere visible, while the most obliging and attentive servants administer to and in many cases anticipate the wants of guests. The sleeping rooms are large, comfortable and judgeantly furnished, while the table is simply unsurpassed. Street cars running both ways past the door render not only the "Permanent Exhibition," where the State Fair is to be held, but all places of amusement and interest conveniently accessible. Messrs. G. W. Mullen & Co. by personal attention will endeavor to make guests feel perfectly at home and entirely comfortable in every particular. The terms are only $2.50 per day. [8-29.-2t.]

THE Supreme Court of the State of New York has decided that J. C. AYER & Co., of Lowell, have the sole right to use the words CHERRY PECTORAL for a medicine, and has issued an injunction against F. V. Rushton, of New York City, for selling Rushton's Cherry Pectoral Lozenges, or any other use of the name to deceive the public. This decision of the high court includes all dealers who sell any similar articles.—*Port Jefferson (L. I.) Leader.*

DRS. OLDSHUE still continue the practice of medicine at their old established office, 132 Grant street, Pittsburg, Pa. [8-29.-3t.]

REMARKABLE CASE OF DEATH BY LIGHTNING.—The Watseton (Ga.) *Clipper* says:

A house was pointed out as a negro cabin in which a woman was killed under the following circumstances: She was sitting in a chair tilted and was leaning against the wall in one corner, and holding an infant in her arms, with five or six children lying on the floor at her feet. There were no signs of the track of the lightning bolt about the house at all. The right or left temple of the woman had received the electric blow, and was pressed in by a force sufficient to drive a stamp usually used by postmasters in mailing letters. The woman was instantly killed without moving or giving any evidence of death. The infant was but slightly injured. The dead mother sat there for nearly three-quarters of an hour with her little infant still quietly folded in her lifeless arms. Such others as her feet were more or less hurt. One or two were set on fire and seriously damaged. The woman, however, was the only one that was fatally injured. This was certainly a most remarkable occurrence.

STRAY COW.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, near St. Augustine, Cambria county, some time during the latter part of July, a large cow with white back and belly, small red spots on the sides, red neck and ears, white and red spots on the face, large horns turned back at the points, and about ten years old. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away; otherwise she will be disposed of according to law. JOHN BEBE.
Clearfield Twp., Aug. 22, 1879.-3t.

A WONDERFUL FOUNTAIN.—The Sarnia (Ontario) *Observer* has this to tell of an artesian well in that place which recently furnished a grand and wonderful exhibition without money and without price. The *Observer* observes:

One of the most wonderful natural phenomena ever witnessed was seen by a large crowd of people a few days ago at the home of Peter Taylor, who lives just outside of the corporation. For some time Mr. Taylor has had a number of men boring for water in the southwest corner of his grounds. When a depth of about 180 feet had been reached Mr. Taylor heard a peculiar rumbling sound, apparently issuing from the hole, and, judging that something unusual was about to happen, warned his men to move to a safe distance from the well. Scarcely had they done so when a fountain of muddy water shot straight up into the air with terrible force, carrying up the boring-pipe with it as far as the fastenings would allow, and scattering the mud, water and stones in all directions. The subterranean noises appeared gradually to increase in violence, and as they did so the expelling force, whatever it was, seemed to be proportionally augmented, until the stone-lined column gained a height of fully 150 feet. Some idea of the mysterious subterranean power which supplied the motor of this exhibition of natural waterworks may be conveyed by the fact that the stones were thrown fully five, six, and even eight pounds, were shot up in the air to a considerable height, while showers of roundish pebbles of smaller size fell like a hailstorm upon a circle of several yards around the hole. One large sized stone struck a timber of the derrick in its upward course, and, glancing off, was thrown several hundred yards into the Taylor grounds, on the opposite side of the road. The wind was blowing pretty strong from the south at the time, and the result was that the roof of Mr. Taylor's barn struck the nearest object in town—and its south side were besp

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY MORNING, - SEPT. 5, 1879.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

HERE, THERE AND THE OTHER PLACE.

—Thanksgiving is the next holiday.

—Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco. [1-3.-1y.]

—The Thompson store, High street, is being remodeled.

—The Hebrew element of Altoona propose to erect a synagogue.

—Mary O'Brien, charged with vagrancy, was brought to jail from Johnstown Monday.

—The weather outlook is far from being encouraging for the printers' picnic on Saturday.

—The several public schools of this borough opened last Monday morning, with a full attendance all round.

—Co. D of the Fifth regiment—the new Altoona military company—was medically examined in that city last Friday.

—A base ball nine from this place talk of going to Cresson to-morrow, to play a friendly game with an Altoona nine.

—Hollidaysburg *Register*: "Miss Mattie Lemmon, one of Ebensburg's fair daughters, is visiting at the house of Col. Wm. K. Piper."

—The Duncansville father and son, parties to the Kittanning Point electment case, have been released from the Blair county jail on bail.

—An Altoona base ball club went to Johnstown last Saturday after wool and got shorn. The score was 12 to 6 in favor of the Johnstowners.

—Squire Douglass, of Chest Springs, was to learn the beginning of the present week. His amputated leg, we are glad to know, is doing well.

—The Pennsylvania Homœpathic Medical Society took in Cresson on Tuesday and Wednesday last. Or was it Cresson that took them in?

—A meeting of the board of Poor Directors of Cambria county was held at the Poor House Tuesday last. Only routine business was transacted.

—The telegraph operators of the Middle Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad will hold their annual basket picnic at Hollidaysburg on Thursday, September 18th.

—Our young friend Charles Latterner was yesterday commissioned as Deputy Register and Recorder—a position he has held as a non-commissioned officer for some time past.

—The Hollidaysburg *Standard* asks: "Is that Ebensburg barber a brother to the Senator from Maine?" Our Mr. Blain feels himself aggrieved when such conundrums are propounded.

—The artesian well being drilled by the P. R. R. at Altoona is down one thousand feet, with plenty of water, but of inferior quality. It is proposed to go yet another thousand feet deeper.

—The sale of the real estate of Wm. Kittell, dec'd, late of this borough, which was advertised for Saturday last, has been postponed until one o'clock, P. M., on Monday next, at the Court House.

—Officer John T. Harris, of Johnstown, fought a woman of the tramp persuasion to bail last Monday morning and committed her to jail. It was the first arrest in this county under the new vagrant act.

—Mr. George Geddes, Jr., the venerable father of Mr. George Geddes, Jr., of Johnstown, was killed one day last week, at Woodland, Clearfield county, where he resided, by a heavy log rolling over him.

—The census will be taken next year. How many candidates for President Judge will we have in this county? Provided we do not inhabitants, of which there can be little doubt, will we have, anyhow?

—Mr. W. Fisk Conrad, of Tyrone, made a gallant run for State Senator three years ago and was defeated. He will likely be an aspirant for the same nomination for the same office next year at the hands of the Democracy.

—The Cullan House, at Cresson, is one of the best summer hotels within the limits of the good old commonwealth. It is well kept, and we are glad to know that it is well patronized. Those who register there will be glad of it.

—Mrs. Michael Brawley, of Portage township, whose serious injury by the upsetting of a barn on which she was standing we noted last week, died Thursday, aged about 70 years, and was buried Saturday forenoon in the Catholic cemetery at Wilmore. May her soul rest in peace.

—The prosecution against Adam Bierdank, of Johnstown, for selling oysters out of season, was not pushed to a trial. It was in fact a farce of that character ever introduced into a Cambria county court, and we will be bound it is the last.

—Hon. Luther Synad for the district composed of Cambria, Clearfield, Blair, Huntingdon, Indiana, Somerset and Bedford counties met in Johnstown this week. More than one hundred ministers, laymen, children, etc., were present.

—As the temperance folk going to nominate Hon. John A. Lemon for Governor? We merely put this interrogatory to a prominent anti-saloon man of this town the other day, and his answer is given for the benefit of all interested. He said—"Damino!"

—The well head of a twelve-year-old son of Mr. Edward Davis, of Jackson township, was crushed in by the caving of last Monday evening and frightfully crushed. Four fingers were subsequently amputated at the second joint by Dr. Swank, of Johnstown.

—Some miscreant has got into the habit of shooting down dogs in Stonycreek township, Somerset county, but for the purpose of naming said miscreant the *Tribune* suggests fish law as a proper corrective. But, then, the *Tribune* is always an extremist.

—Who is to be the Republican nominee for Sheriff? Some say Gates, others Harris, others Fryste, and still others our fireman Thomas Griffith, Esq. We give it a good hope one at least of the two candidates on our side of the house will give up the ghost.

—Squirrel hunting, or rather the time for squirrel hunting, began last Monday morning. You may hunt as much as you want and keep all you find," said Leatherstocking to Bumppo to us the other day, and we suspect that this remark means that squirrels are exceedingly scarce in this latitude.

—McDonald, Loretto, has just received his first installment of fall goods, consisting in part of calicoes, muslins, ginghams, Canton flannels, etc. The public are invited to call and sample the same, with the assurance beforehand that no other store in Cambria county is able to exhibit a more favorable assortment.

—Our friend and patron, W. W. Harris, Esq., of Jackson township, is about to engage in the manufacture of cigars from tobacco raised by himself, and is said to have much of the raw material of last year's growth to produce not less than 70,000 cigars, while his crop this year will be fully as large.

—Mr. James F. Campbell, Sr., was a visitor to our midst this week. He tells us that he intends to issue the first number of his handsome Democratic paper one week counting Saturday next, and that he has the word of patronage required to make it go, and is glad to know it, and wish him all manner of success.

—Special attention is directed to the advertisement in to-day's issue of the FREEMAN of Francis Cramer, of Chest Springs, manufacturer of wagons, carriages, etc. Mr. Cramer is well known to the people of Cambria county, and every offer he suggests in the advertisement will be abundantly carried out to the letter and to the last mistake.

—The name of the prosecutrix in the case of Commonwealth vs. James Douglass, Esq., of Magdalene Glettendorfer. The parties are married. Owing to the nature of the indictment was ignored by the grand jury, a large number of witnesses were accordingly excused from detailing the particulars of the most disheartening story.

—The Cambria delegation of Ebensburgers on board of the liberal excursion rates to Pittsburg via P. R. R. last Friday to view the always interesting along the route of the Bell's Gap narrow-gauge railroad. Judge Lloyd was one of the tourists, but a train which he had taken passage on at Altoona unfortunately landed him at Tyrone instead of Pittsburg.

—Jerry Sells all it knows about a Carrolltown farmer who left home a few days ago and is supposed to have eloped with another man's wife, who unexpectedly disappeared at the same time. What makes the matter more complicated is that the skedaddling farmer leaves a wife and two young children to mourn his sad and untimely fall, or running off.

—Joe Weisser, of this borough, has a fancy chap hailing from Johnstown, whom Ad Myers very little is doing, bearded with him on the evening of the beginning of this week, and, because it was raining at the time, skipped out with the Tuesday evening. Such things as summer clouds, without our special notice.

—An individual formerly well if not favorably known in this community, and whose name is still *fresh* in the memory of most people, was arrested in Johnstown a week or two ago for a partially successful assault and battery perpetrated in a fit of questionable repute. The accused, we are told, is true, went to Johnstown several hours, and then got another clothing direction for himself.

—Prof. Guss interviewed Swank, of the Johnstown *Tribune*, t'other day on the subject of Cambria county journalism, but does not recollect that he mentioned a word to him about "J. C. Martin, Cambria *Freeman*, Portage, Pa." Passing strange, wasn't it?

—The insane man from Newry, Blair county, full particulars concerning whose detention in our county jail were printed in these columns last week, was taken to his home by a friend from his native place, Rev. J. Fichtner, on Friday morning last. He had seemingly recovered his lost senses, from which, according to Mr. Fitchner's testimony, he had only recently departed.

—Mr. Thomas Dunphy, of St. Augustine, arrived in Ebensburg at the hour of 9 o'clock Wednesday morning. He was seated in a sulkey, behind what he claims to be the fastest horse in Cambria county, and his place of destination was Greensburg. If a gentleman named Kilgore fails to buy this horse, for a round sum, then Mr. Dunphy will enter him for a premium at the Westmoreland county Agricultural fair.

—Henry Frysinger, Esq., last week published his valedictory as editor of the Lewistown *Democrat*. He was connected with that journal for the period of twenty-five years, giving satisfaction to his readers, but a better opening, in pecuniam at the time presented to him in Chester, Pa., where he has purchased the *Democrat* office, and will hereafter manage the same as editor and publisher. Success be with him, as he well deserves.

—Everybody hurt their eyes looking at the unusual spectacle of two dogs around the sun last Monday. A signal service officer explains that the phenomenon was caused by the refraction of the sun's rays in passing through the frozen crystal of ice floating high up in the atmosphere, which even in the hottest midsummer weather is quite cold at a very moderate altitude. It is accounted a sign of rain, and rain visited us twenty-four hours thereafter.

—Hon. John A. Lemon, State Senator for this district, dawned on his constituents of this neighborhood last Friday morning. He stayed only long enough for us to note that he was looking well. When he comes again before the people for their suffrages, the possibility is that the Honorable John may be aiming for a seat in Congress, and that will be unsatisfactory to the Hon. Jacob M. Campbell, whose vision is cast longingly in the direction of a second term.

—A curiosity may be seen in the garden of Mr. W. O. Myers, on Logan street, of an apple tree having full-grown fruit upon it and being in blossom at the same time. A freak of nature not often witnessed.—*Tyrone Democrat*. That's nothing. We have in our garden a grape vine (Clinton variety) that has three crops of grapes upon it. The first crop is almost ripe; the second is green and full-grown berries, and the third is shedding blossoms.—*Altoona Radical*.

—Mr. James Maguire, better known as "Old Jim" Maguire, reappeared in our midst on Monday after his first absence from Ebensburg of about twelve years, and notwithstanding his advanced age and the many *ups* and *downs* he has experienced during most of his life, he looks as hale and hearty as we remember to have ever seen him. It is proper to say, in this connection, that he returns a sadder, though evidently not a sadder man than when he left us a dozen years ago.

—Mr. A. M. Hammers, who during the spring and summer season was a photographer doing business in our midst, quit, yesterday, and went home to spend the winter. The gentleman was last year a school-teacher in Indiana county, and goes back to his native heath to engage in the same vocation. During his short stay here, he and his family were much liked, and if Mr. Hammers comes back next year, as he threatens to do, to make his residence with us a permanent one, he will be warmly welcomed.

—Mr. Joe Vanormer, of White township, paid us a pop visit the beginning of the present week. He says he is no candidate for the Republican nomination for Sheriff, all reports to that effect to the contrary notwithstanding, but will stand by all his energies from this time henceforward, for the period of a half year, toward getting out several million feet of lumber for market. Gates, of his own township, he thinks, will be the nominee, but Criste and some others we might name doubtless would dispute that.

—Mr. Henry Mellon, chairman of the Greenback Committee of Cambria county, was in town the other day. He says that through oversight no candidate for County Surveyor was placed on the Greenback ticket at their late convention, and that a meeting of his Committee to fill the vacancy will be called at an early date. Mr. McConnell, who was a candidate for the office last year and was elected by the combined vote of the Greenbackers and Republicans, though no vacancy then existed, is likely to be the coming man.

—Prof. A. L. Guss is with us as we go to press Thursday, having come hither in quest of material for his sidereal work on journalistic wiseacres who are to picnic at Cresson to-morrow (Saturday). The Professor says that more change, personal and impersonal, is written on the history of journalism in Cambria county than on that of any other county which he has had to do, and we may add that there is more chaff in many of them than can usually be found in an editor's pocket-book—when he loses it by forgetting to take it with him.

—Harry Clark, a six-year-old nephew of Mr. J. H. Crouse, of this place, was run over by an engine in the P., J. & M. R. R. yard at Pittsburgh, where his parents reside, on Saturday last, and so shockingly mutilated that he died in about four hours after. The little unfortune got on the pilot of the engine while it was standing on the track, and when the fireman, who was warned of the lad's danger, proceeded to start the engine, he attempted to jump off, but missing his footing fell under the wheels and was run over and fatally injured, as already stated.

—The picnic on Saturday last in aid of the Church of the Holy Name was a decided success in every respect, except it may be, because of the number of participants, the regular and special train on that day having failed by several hundred to bring their hoped-for quotas. However, the day was a delightful one, the provision made and pleasures provided for the occasion ample and satisfactory, the fun and feasting universal, the conduct of all present in an eminent degree creditable, and the amount realized nearly if not quite $200 over and above expenses.

—A fair and festival in aid of the Congregational church of this place was held the early part of this week in the rooms one and two doors east of Messrs. Collins, Johnston & Co.'s bank. On Monday night the receipts amounted to $114, and on Tuesday night to $130. Tuesday afternoon witnessed the conclusion of the week's session of court, but the entertainment was continued Wednesday night, when probably $100 more were realized. The receipts, which amount to a *fair* sum from a *fair* enterprise, will be devoted to the purchase of a heater for the church to-day.

—Nature seems to be prolific in strange freaks now-a-days, but we don't know that there is anything in the whole cat-egory of her wonderful doings to surpass the remarkable experience of a Maltese cat which recently found a home in the FREEMAN household, where a couple of weeks ago it gave birth to two dead but well-formed kittens, and also to the fully developed head of still another one, which came into the world minus the body, legs, tail, etc. But that was not all, for a week later the same cat brought forth three more kittens, two of which were living and still live, the other one being lifeless at the time of birth.

—It is an open secret that our amiable young friend and fellow journalist, Mr. Fes. Lloyd, of the Ebensburg *Herald*, is to be married this (Thursday) afternoon to Miss Anna K. Shryock, daughter of John K. Shryock, Esq., of Wilmore, and that Rev. J. J. Kerr is to be the officiating clergyman. It is needless to say that the happy young couple have our hearty good wishes, as we shall take occasion to say more at length in our next issue, and that they are well worthy, he to be the husband of a bride so trustful, and she the bride of a man who will ever cherish her with tenderness.

—A great deal of excitement was created here this (Thursday) morning by the report that Mr. John Somerville, a prominent and much esteemed citizen of Susquehanna township, had been shot, killed and robbed on the public highway on the day previous, and that one of the parties to the foul deed was arrested; but the latest information, we are glad to say, very effectually disposes of the rumor by branding it as a falsehood, which it no doubt is. Were it otherwise, the man said to have been arrested for the foul deed would in all probability have been brought here and safely lodged in jail as soon after as possible.

—The celebrated Mardis gang of counterfeiters have been under a cloud for several months past. Their haunts are known to certain detectives, who bide their time to make a swoop which will comprehend the entire crooked confraternity. We stated some months ago, since that it was known where the dies for the manufacture of the base coin were then stored, and we add that where they now are is not a matter of conjecture. A one-time member of the gang, who was sworn into full fellowship with Mardis and the rest, seems to be in full accord with the detectives. In a later issue of the FREEMAN we hope to be able to chronicle, not only the arrest of Mardis & Co., but the names of their passive companions in crime. These names, we are assured, will be familiar to the people of Cambria, Indiana, Clearfield, Blair, and several other counties.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.—Court met in regular session at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. on Monday. Hon. John Dean presided, assisted by Associates Flanagan and Thomas.

The list of Grand Jurors was read, and John F. Tibbott, of Cambria township, was appointed foreman. The list of Traverse Jurors was also read; after which, the names of members of the bar were called for the purpose of hearing motions, petitions, etc.

MONDAY AFTERNOON.

Following are the cases continued by leave of Court:

Com'th vs. John McKenzie—*perjury*; James M'Coy, prosecutor.

Com'th vs. Daniel A. Glass—adultery; George Troxell, prosecutor.

Com'th vs. John Carner, *alias* O'Connor—*forniz et cet.*; Jane O'Brien, prosecutrix.

Com'th vs. Harvey Galbreath—*forniz et cet.*; Sarah Jane Switzer, prosecutrix.

Com'th vs. Norman G. Berkey—*forniz et cet.*; Lizzie Reese, prosecutrix.

Com'th vs. Stephen Goughnour—desertion; Margaret Goughnour, prosecutrix.

The following cases were either *non prossed* or settled:

Com'th vs. Jeanette Walters—bigamy. Costs imposed upon defendant.

Com'th vs. John Walters—bigamy. Costs imposed upon defendant. These two prosecutions hinged upon one marriage.

Com'th vs. Adam Biershank—selling oysters out of season. Costs imposed upon defendant.

Com'th vs. Mary Hickey—assault and battery with intent to commit a rape. Costs imposed upon defendant.

Com'th vs. Thomas Parfitt and George Heckert—assault and battery. Settled between parties upon payment of costs by defendants.

Com'th vs. John Davis—surety of the peace, and assault and battery. Costs imposed upon plaintiff.

Com'th vs. Edward Crafton—tarring a railroad switch of Cambria Iron Company, at Johnstown. Defendant pays costs.

Com'th vs. Samuel Fitch—assault and battery with intent to commit a rape. Costs imposed upon defendant.

Com'th vs. James Hildebrand—*forniz et cet.*—Bond to county and payment of costs by defendant.

Com'th vs. Patrick Clark, Charles Bridget, and August White—assault and battery. Costs imposed upon defendants.

The case of the Com'th vs. Edward and Nancy Mullen, false pretense, was first called. It hailed from Allegheny township, and involved the money consideration of $30. The entire afternoon was consumed in listening to this comparatively unimportant case, the jury retiring at the hour of 5.40 o'clock.

Two boys, charged with stealing iron from the P. R. R. at Johnstown, were called before the Court and their cases disposed of without the formality of a jury trial, the theft not being denied. In consideration of their youth, each was ordered to pay a fine of $1.00 and go to jail for the term of ten days.

Court adjourned at 6.10 o'clock.

TUESDAY MORNING.

The jury in the case of the Com'th vs. Edward and Nancy Mullen, at 8.30 o'clock, returned a verdict of not guilty, with the costs equally divided between the prosecutor and defendants.

Com'th vs. Benedetto Musante. This case came from Johnstown, and the defendant, who is an Italian, was charged with carrying concealed weapons. In company with a fellow-countryman and blood-relative of his, named George Debarbarino, he engaged in a big spree a few weeks since, with the almost inevitable result of a fight at the windup. Benedetto is said to have bitten a piece out of George's ear, and was arrested on charge of mayhem, which had been entered, was not pressed. Carrying a concealed weapon, in the nature of a dirk nearly a foot long, was what brought the defendant to grief. The jury listened patiently to a mass of testimony adduced, and, after pleas by John F. Barnes, Esq., for the defendant, and District Attorney Rose for the Commonwealth, returned a verdict of not guilty.

The Com'th vs. Henry Hertzinger—assault and battery: John Gromer, prosecutor. A dozen or so of persons were drunk in Johnstown on the 4th of July, and one of them, the defendant and plaintiff amongst the rest, were arrested and paid a fine imposed by the Burgess of the borough. Hertzinger now comes before the Court on the charge stated. The verdict of the jury was not guilty, but that the defendant pay the costs.

Considerable prominence was given to an alleged rape case from Carroll township, in which Mr. William Douglass figured as the defendant. The complainant, who is a married woman, told her story in a straightforward manner, but the Grand Jury, after listening to all the testimony offered, failed for what to them seemed good and sufficient reasons to find a true bill against the accused. Mr. Douglass' bail was therefore released from further responsibility.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The case of Jacob Schwartzman, indicted from Johnstown for not lending a helping hand to an officer while the latter was attempting to effect an arrest, attracted some attention. The jury found the defendant not guilty.

Com'th vs. Jacob Hawker, a young man named Alt, and yet another one named Gilcauff. This fellow Hawker, following his usual bent, raised a row and ruction in Conemaugh borough, and Alt and Gilcauff were regarded as his "backers." The case, a difficult case, presided over on the part of the commonwealth by the District Attorney, and for the defense by Mr. Barnes. The verdict was guilty as to Hawker and Gilcauff. The former was thereupon sentenced to undergo imprisonment in the county jail for the term of one year, and the latter, while Gilcauff will take up his abode in the same reformatory Institution for three months.

John Will and John Behringer, of Carrolltown, were charged with having stolen a horse from the pasture-field of Mr. Simon P. Kline, of that neighborhood, on Sunday last. The animal was afterwards recovered in Blair county. As to Behringer, "not a true bill" was returned by the Grand Jury, and Will went before a jury. The defendant, who is no more than eighteen years of age, and who is no typical horse-thief, was speedily convicted. His sentence: Two years in the Western Penitentiary, at hard labor.

George Wilson, charged with fornix et cet., was sentenced in accordance with the usual and ancient forms.

Mrs. Eliza Martz was charged with the larceny of valuables to the amount of a few dollars. She is a lady who was kept in jail several months last year, and whose evident unsoundness of mind then as now was and is a source of trouble to her friends. Judge Dean reserved his decision as to whether she should be sent to the county Poor House or to Dixmont.

A man named McDade, of the neighborhood of Johnstown, was found guilty of adultery. He will remain in the county jail for ten months.

Albert Cox, for larceny, was tried and found guilty, and will linger in jail for yet two months.

Robert Cresswell, of White township, has been systematically charged with desertion by the former wife of his bosom during the last three or four terms of Court, holding forth terms that went before. Robert is a tall, pale-complexioned man, with a rotundity which suggests the absence of roast beef, while his wife could scarcely fail to bring down the scales at 200 pounds. Being unable to buffet life's stormy waves of and by herself, she wants Robert to go with her along, but Robert, it seems, would rather be excused. The usual story was rehearsed, and the Court held the matter over until Monday next, for the purpose of listening to an argument to be advanced in favor of the deserted wife aforesaid by Geo. M. Reade, Esq.

The Grand Jury, after acting on a large number of bills, was discharged by the Court at 2 o'clock, P. M. It is understood that a motion condemning the present Court House, and of course looking to the erection of a new one, was presented to said body, but it received only six votes out of the full panel. Another motion for the removal of the location to the building was also voted down. We ought to have a new Court House, and must and will eventually have one if the wishes of the taxpayers and the honor of our county are ever to be consulted; but this Grand Jury, notwithstanding the fact that it was complimented for its quick Dean for its rapid and satisfactory transaction of business, seems not to have been educated up to the proper standard on this momentous subject.

This done, the civil list was continued, and, at 6.10 o'clock, Court adjourned for the week.

—Mr. Jacob Kruge, of Barr township, assisted by six other persons, three of whom are his sons, succeeded on Friday last in threshing 188 bushels of oats, 55 bushels wheat, and 35 bushels of wheat and rye mixed, in the remarkably short space of six hours, beginning at 1 o'clock and completing the task at 7 o'clock, P. M. The grain was threshed for Mr. Geo. Huffnagle, and it required the united efforts of five horses to run the machine. The men engaged in the work were completely exhausted in the effort, it being a fact especially noticeable that Mr. Peter Parrish, who was of the party and is one of the stoutest men in the county, was as badly played out as any of them. This is claimed to be a feat extraordinary in the threshing line, and for aught we know it is unprecedented here or elsewhere.

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised; and then you will want to know

HOW TO GET WELL.

Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters! See other column.

FARMER M'CAHAN'S BIG WILLOW.—The Hollidaysburg correspondent of the Altoona *Tribune* furnishes the following in relation to a mammoth tree under whose wide-spreading branches we stood and pondered, or pondered and stood, we forget which, many a time and oft in our boyhood days, long before delinquent subscribers, the Carrolltown *News*, Johnstown *Tribune* and similar afflictions came upon us. Says the correspondent in question:

Up to within a few months ago a monster willow tree stood and flourished near McCahan's mill. In circumference it was no doubt the largest tree growing in the State. About ten feet from the ground ten large branches were thrown out, either one being almost as large as the largest tree found in this part of the State. Their great weight got too much for their hold on the tree, and during a recent storm all went to the ground together, leaving nothing but the old stump standing. To ascertain its exact size two gentlemen on Friday last had it measured and found it to be twenty-seven feet in circumference, equaling some of the mammoth trees in California. This tree, besides its great size, has a history. In 1809 a woman on horseback crossed the Allegheny mountain from Cambria county, carrying a sack of corn to be ground into meal—this being the only mill west of Huntingdon at that early day. The woman carried in her hand a willow switch to urge on her tired nag, which she dropped while waiting for the grinding of her meal. A young gentleman named M'Cay picked it up and stuck it in the soft earth close to the water running from the mill. It proved to have been put in good soil and soon became a vigorous tree. The girl soon after married a man named Miller who joined the American army and left his young wife with the mill until after the close of the war of 1812. Many years ago the husband died. Mrs. Miller continued to live within half-a-mile of the spot where she planted the willow switch, and only about three years ago, having lived to be almost a centenarian, and is buried on the Buchanan farm, a few hundred yards from the spot where she planted the switch. Miller, the familiar name by which she was known to all the present citizens of Duncansville, would often speak with pride of the tree she had in her youth planted, and rejoiced that she was permitted to live to see it grow to be the largest tree in the land. Mrs. Amey, her daughter, is still living in Duncansville, and also several grandchildren. The monster tree, only seventy years old, had gained in diameter almost one-and-a-half inches each year. A more remarkable growth, perhaps, is not on record.

ELOPEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.—That is what the Osceola *Recelle* calls it, and this is what it has to say about it:

A thrilling episode in the way of domestic, or rather matrimonial event occurred in the Peak, and we will try to give our readers the main points without going into all the romantic details of the case.

The parties all reside in the vicinity of Morrisdale—unless we except one of the principal actors, who, as we only learn, divides his time pretty equally anywhere just now. The characters in this drama of social and domestic ebullition are Stinerock and Waple, with the respective partners of their bosoms.

Stinerock had made preparations to leave Morrisdale, and divided some money with his wife, who, thinking she was to accompany him, got her trunk by express to Altoona. Last Monday morning, Stinerock left on the morning train, and Waple, who, by the way, is a single man, left, ostensibly, on private business, but Mrs. Waple, his neighbor's wife, to meet him next day in Altoona. Accordingly on Tuesday morning, Mrs. Waple departed for Altoona, and Stinerock, "Carrolltown News, Johnstown *Tribune* and similar afflictions came upon us. Says the correspondent in question:

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THE Hollidaysburg *Standard* says that a rather good-looking young gentleman was before the court of that county last week on the charge of deserting his wife. He had nothing specially vicious about him and it was a matter of interest to some that a fine young man should have behaved so badly. After considerable questioning it was developed that in due time after marriage the happy wife presented her husband with twins. This ought to have made him proud, but it didn't. On the contrary, it frightened him. He brooded over the thing until dark lines of care marked his face. He said to himself, "If this is the way this thing is going to begin, how will it end." He imagined himself a toil-worn man, vainly attempting to provide clothing for a great array of twins, triplets, etc. The picture was too much. He fled from the presence of his wife and became a wanderer upon the face of the earth. Somebody looking over our shoulder says: "What a pity he didn't think of the twins before he married!" Sure enough.

Let folks dissect
In envious spite,
So would I have them do;
In dying
I love so shine,
For 'tis my nature to;
Such goods I buy
And sell they crave,
And have the best I will;
I do not care
How critics carve,
For—father foots the bill!

Whether father foots the bill or not, and whether the bill is big or little, it is a well known fact that our "dressed up" men, young and old, and boys, every-body possessed of taste goes to Godfrey Wolf's next door to the post-office, Altoona. The reason is evident. The stock of Mr. Wolf is always large, fresh, and complete, embracing the very latest styles, and is sold at approved prices. When you can't buy from him there is no use in going elsewhere, because what he can't furnish in the way of good clothing is not worth looking for. A full line of fall and winter goods has been received and to make room for more to follow, what is left of the summer stock will be sold below cost. Call early.

Never fear a brake will break,
O thou railroad traveler!
For a brake is made to brake—
Brake, then, when you deliver.
When a brake doth brake it breaks not;
When it breaks it cannot brake;
Whether it doth brake or brakes not,
Never you fear the brake.

Break for the point where you can get the best bargains! That is advice good as any, and whether the brake brakes or not, you cannot be left without your money's worth in the bargains which become prominent that in case you want a suit of ready-made clothing, you can break for no better point than Godfrey Wolf's, next door to the First National Bank, Altoona. They buy low and sell cheap, and a late indication of their popularity where they are best known is that an enlargement of their store-room is contemplated. They have in stock a full line of fall and winter clothing, which they will sell lower than other dealers, or know the reason why. Call and see them.

MAN is a conjecture,
Woe is the line,
That dangles o'er his head—
And hooks him every time;
She baits the hook and holds the pole,
But the mischief is, he will bite.
That flops him from eternal peace
Into the frying pan!

That is the case once and again, but not always. We know the first part of the above to be correct, that may be coming too close to home. Suppose we skip that, and then go on to say that whoever bites at a bargain in the ready-made clothing line at Jas. J. Murphy's store, 89 Clinton street, Johnstown, and fails to draw a prize, is a queer fish indeed. Mr. Murphy has the largest and best stock of overcoats, ready-made clothing, fall and winter wear ever brought within the limits of Cambria county, and each article is guaranteed to be worth every cent asked for it.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In life's earnest work,
Be not dumb, like driven cattle;
Be a martyr—take a wife.

The advice is good, but we have something still better to offer. In a nutshell, it is this: Mr. Sol. Blumenthal, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, has just obtained the agency in that city for the sale of a superior lot of ladies' and gentlemen's boots and shoes from the well-known firm of Cowles, Curtis & Co., Rochester, N. Y. This assortment is represented to comprise the most elegant specimens of the productions of Saint Crispin yet placed on exhibition in Altoona, and each article is marked at the lowest-down figures. A visit to the store, or an order by mail will pay the reader or his heir friends.

THE Wilkinsburg *Times* says that engineer Brady won a steer at a raffle in Altoona the other day, but it isn't the kind of dear Billy Bankers after. Those that require but two pedal extremities are what his heart is set on.

[Not entered, etc. No rights reserved.]

SKETCHES
—OF—
PIONEER LIFE on the ALLEGHENIES.

SIXTH PAPER.

Mark the sable woods
That shade sublime yon mountain's nodding brow.
With what religious awe the solemn scene
Commands your steps.

On our way to the "Old Fort," which was described in the last sketch, we passed through a deserted log camp, and this abandoned site of busy industry shall open the present paper.

A log stable of ample dimensions is erected for the horses, which are as snugly housed and as well taken care of in a log camp as they would be in their stable at home. Next in order comes the main building for the men, the size of which is gauged by the number to be accommodated with quarters. Of course it is constructed with logs, having a great fire place and chimney erected in the centre of the building, so that on a cold night the "chunk" may sit or recline around the roaring blaze, whose flames, stimulated by anetious pine knots, radiate heat through every part of the domicil. A night scene in the genial quarters of a log camp is not without interest. Outside the sharply-twinkling stars scintillate in the frosty deep blue of the grand over-arching dome of the heavens, and below the vast forest stretches away in the gloom on every side, with its deep, white, monotonous carpet of snow. A heavy sleep seems brooding over the whole scene, save where the fire's reflence save the distant bark of some watchful dog, or the low neigh of the camp horses. Now the door of the camp opens, giving a glow of warm light to stream out into the frosty night, and a commingled din of voices strikes the ear. Some are singing in jocund, pathetic, or heroic strains, some tell yarns, while others listen, and others still play tricks generally around the whole circle all hands, in the meantime, smoking or chewing the pungent tobacco leaf, which seems to be especially exceedingly happy, but the apartment would hardly suit the presence of a "fair ladie" who was in any way weakly about the "nerbeners," for the fumes of tobacco would smother an ordinary mortal. Blocks sawed from the ends of logs serve the men for very good seats, and if a continuous bench be desired a plank is laid on several blocks. Sleeping arrangements are constructed by placing a long log close up against one side of the building on the floor, running along the whole length of the side. Another log of the same diameter is placed parallel to the first, at a distance of about seven feet, and poles of a couple of inches or so in diameter and seven feet in length are placed side by side, resting on the two parallel logs so as to form a continuous bedstead, the length of one side of the house. Over this bedstead, the poles having been laid thickly with this simple "spring bottom," which with blankets, buffalo robes and a good roaring fire, and a sound sleep never better than kings were wont to rest on in the days of old.

As a ruler might say, we have here struck another vein of a different material.

The ideal bounds of civilization—that is, of art, science, literature, political freedom, social culture and religious truth—converge to a point like the lines which form the angle, and the point where these bounding lines meet locates the origin of humanity. As you wind up the line marked by years and centuries the perfection of the arts and sciences grows less and less till it comes to the natural man destitute of artificial aid.

All this shows that the human race had an origin, and that not very remote; otherwise, how was it that human nature, acting under similar circumstances, did not develop all over the world in these latter centuries? If the human race extended back for an indeterminate number of centuries, which is the theory of "geology," that light filled the human mind all at once in these latter days which enabled it to reach the present height of art and science, or rather the appliestion of science which has arrived at an almost miraculous pitch?

If the world were now overwhelmed by a universal deluge would not the *debris* left behind by the assuaging waters tell of vast heights attained in the application of science and the perfection of literature. The Ark, skeletons of the animals, ordering her great ribs of an iron-clad leviathan which now cleaves the surging waves of the round abyss, the iron bands which bind together the nations, or the lines running out through the earth upon which man flashes his message—flaming thought in instant speed around the globe; and still more subtle yet, the mighty power of concentrated human wisdom; greater still, a little volume which holds within its inspired pages the pre-ordained history and fate of this planet—seven hills, a volume which, with the aid of that potent lever, the printing press, has revolutionized the fate of the earth, flashing its light around the equator and from pole to pole.

Now, put on one side of the scale all the wisdom and any or all of those witnesses of latter-day progress he would know to what a height civilization had attained, and on the other side of the above described constellation of human triumphs ever found amongst the *debris* of destruction after Noah's flood, or has the flood been found amid the ruins of any ancient country on the face of the earth?

All this shows that human knowledge, art, science and civilization have necessarily been gradually but surely developed from the beginning, and that not very remote; otherwise, how was it that human nature, acting under similar circumstances, did not develop all over the world in these latter centuries? If the human race extended back for an indeterminate number of centuries, which is the theory of "geology," that light filled the human mind all at once in these latter days which enabled it to reach the present height of art and science, or rather the application of science which has arrived at an almost miraculous pitch?

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Meantime, Stinerock began to think there was something mysterious in the movements of certain parties, and having taken a seat in the cars, Tuesday morning, her jealous eye were not long in discovering the presence of the very latest despised Mrs. Waple, who also was not slow in recognizing her neighbor, Mrs. Stinerock. The latter, however, had taken the precaution to order her goods to be detained at Altoona, and Mrs. Waple, thinking something was wrong with the programme, left the train at Osceola, or some other station.

Waple was left behind, and although he was suffering from a fractured leg, he left his child in care of some friends and proceeded to Altoona, "mounted his crutches and hobbled as far as Osceola, where by good fortune, or bad, he met his truant wife, who had returned in the same train.

Stinerock didn't think it very safe to come back, and his "adorata" not coming to time, he probably pulled off his boots and went to bed. Next morning we believe she returned to Morrisdale. The affair created a good deal of interest, and as there are facts evidently

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

CLOVER HAY FOR HOGS.—Let any farmer try the experiment of cutting and curing a lot of second crop clover while the stalk is yet green, or about the time it is fairly in bloom. Let it be well cured (without rain if possible) and stowed away under some good shelter for the use of his hogs in winter, and if his heart rejoices in the happiness of God's creatures, it will do him good to see how his hogs enjoy a feed of clover once a day—how they will pick out the heads, leaves and small stems, and leave nothing but the coarsest portion of the stalk. He will then find little difficulty in agreeing with us that stock hogs require a little roughness in winter as well as other stock, and therefore should not be confined exclusively to solid grain.

TO GET APPLES SOON FROM YOUNG TREES.—Many think that in transplanting apple trees all that is necessary is to dig small holes about a foot square and a foot deep, plant the trees filling in with manure, and plow the land once or twice a year. That is the reason why one may see apple trees from 10 to 20 years old that do not yield more than two or three bushels of apples. One tree planted well will be worth more than eight trees planted in this way. This is a work that should be well both for economy and profit. Let the hole be dug five or six feet square, and two feet deep; fill with a mixture of soil and fine manure and plant in the centre. In nine or ten years such a tree will yield as many bushels of apples as it is years old and the product will increase as it gets older,

FOUL SHEATH IN HORSES.—There is nothing that pulls a horse down faster than foul sheath. Farmers and all having charge of horses should know that it is no hard matter to clean a horse's sheath and keep it clean. The best way is to feed good, wholesome food, that will prevent the disease, but that can not always be done, and then we have to resort to a cure, which I find generally a very easy matter. Pare the nails of the right hand smooth and take as much clean lard, free from salt, as can be held by the points of the fingers and thumb, insert the hand to the bottom of the sheath, and as the hand is withdrawn leave all the lard. Repeat the operation two or three times at intervals of about two days, and my experience is that in nine cases out of ten the horse will be all right. If not, wash out carefully with lukewarm water, but it is a bad plan to use the water in very cold weather. I am now nearly threescore years old, but never saw a case of foul sheath until about 25 years ago, and I find now, when my horses are fed on good pure hay, or well cured corn fodder, free from all mould or dust, that they are not troubled, but while feeding Hungarian hay, it is next to impossible to keep them clean. I have never seen a horse troubled with that disease while fed on good corn fodder.

SHEEP IN THE CORN FIELDS.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* says that he has found the corn fields excellent places for sheep. After the corn is laid by, the sheep may have a week's run there with great advantage. There is fresh grass along the fence rows, and perhaps weeds that will give variety. We have never had lambs do better than in the corn fields in the fall. We bring them out every night. In this way they do not break down the corn or have any place for rendezvous, where they injure the corn. The day is busily spent, and the field as well as the flock looks the better for the run.

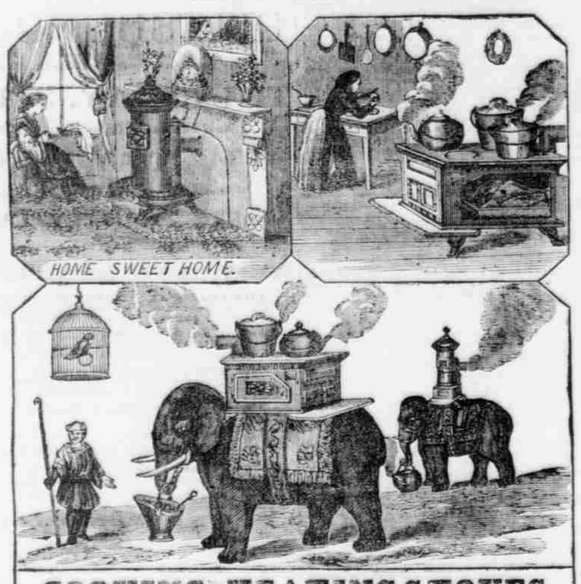
After the corn has cared we have turned the whole flock into the fields and been well pleased with the practice. The sheep eat millions of weeds, seeds and very little or no corn. Should an ear be pulled off, which is very rare, every grain on that ear will be picked off and eaten by the sheep. We have large sheep, and find no trouble in the practice of turning them into the corn fields after roasting ears have well formed. At that time pastures are generally the poorest and need rest. Changing the sheep to the corn fields will give the needed rest. Then the sheep can get the grains of the pasture before the severe frosts injure the grass. After these frosts the sheep may find a fresh change in the corn fields. Sheep need frequent changes of range, and we who have no woods or waste lands on our farm can make a profitable change to the corn fields.

A NEW ORDER OF FARMING.—Some years ago, Dr. Jacob Price, of West Chester, purchased the Atkins farm, near the General Green, in East Goshen. Immediately after the purchase the doctor commenced a new system of farming. He sowed rye among his growing corn when in tassel. This sowing furnished in the spring not only an early but abundant pasturage. In the succeeding crop of corn, grown in another field, clover was sown at the same time as the rye. This sowing took well and gave a good growth which has been pastured during the present summer. The men are covering the latter field with manure for wheat, which, with the rank clover stalks still standing, will make an excellent mould. The present corn crop, though sown late, is unequaled in the township. The ground was manured and the manure plowed down, after which the field was limed at the rate of forty bushels per acre and composted in the hills. Rye will be sown, to be followed by another crop of corn next year, and the sowing of clover in the fall. During the present fall an additional number of acres will be drained, from which the timber has, during the present summer, been cut. This acreage will be cultivated next year in common with the present corn field. As to fencing, the doctor has nearly his whole farm inclosed with a plain wire fence without barbs. Two posts are made from one ordinary post and placed fifteen feet apart. The fence consists of four strands, and over a year's usage proves that it will effectually accomplish all the purposes of a fence at less cost than a rail fence and without the liability of swagging. These are new notions, and the old-time farmers are beginning to think well of them.—*West Chester Record.*

PERSONS troubled with feet that perspire or smell offensively can effect a cure by bathing them every night in a strong solution of borax. That on three weeks of this treatment will probably be found sufficient.

GEO. W. YEAGER,

—CASH DEALER IN—



COOKING & HEATING STOVES

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

—AND MANUFACTURER OF—

TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

1402 ELEVENTH AVE., ALTOONA, PA.

CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY.

ROOFING, SPOUTING and Repairing

[6-6.] PROMPTLY AND SATISFACTORILY ATTENDED TO. [3m.]

A GRAND SURPRISE!

AND A

WELCOME ONE FOR BUYERS!

IT IS SO! SO IT IS!

AND SURE WE ARE IT IS SO!

IT IS SO, SO IT IS, THAT WE HAVE

PUT DOWN THE PRICES OF ALL KIND OF GOODS

To figures which agreeably surprise all buyers, and are now selling

LAWNS, WHITE GOODS, GRENADINES, HERNANNIS, PERCALES,

BATISTE CLOTHS, CRETONS, AND ALL OTHER

LIGHT COLORED DRESS GOODS!

AT LESS THAN COST.

Also, LINEN SUITS,

Curtain Laces in Great Variety,

Fans, Sun Umbrellas,

And a fine stock of the Ladies' Great Protectors, the

SILK GOSSAMER COATS,

AT PRICES AWAY BELOW COST.

We have a large stock of fashionable and seasonable goods, in which we are offering great bargains.

A Full Line of Carpets,

Such as Brussels, Woolen, Hemp and Rag. Also, Oil Cloths, Window Shades and Fixtures.

BOWMAN & MORROW'S

BOSS STORE,

CORNER ELEVENTH AVENUE AND TWELFTH STREETS, ALTOONA, PA.

THE SPRING TRADE

AT THE POPULAR PIONEER

CLOTHING HOUSE

OF GODFREY WOLF,

12th St., Next Door to P. O., Altoona, Pa.

Has simply been immense, the large establishment being for the most part crowded from morning until night, so that in not a few instances it became necessary to employ extra salesmen in order to accommodate the public; yet, notwithstanding this unprecedented rush of customers, the mammoth stock at this great Clothing Emporium has been found equal to all demands made upon it for new and desirable

CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS!

and is to-day the best stocked and really the cheapest house in that city. Nothing but the lowest prices, strictly adhered to year in and year out, has created and maintained such a business as has been done at this favorite Clothing Store, where

PRICES are DOWN!

and will be kept down to the very lowest figures. No one, therefore, should buy a Summer Suit, Coat, Pants, Vest, Hat, Cap, or anything in the way of Furnishing Goods, until he has seen the stock and learned the prices at

GODFREY WOLF'S

ONE-PRICE AND LOWEST PRICED CLOTHING HOUSE,

[6-6.] Next Door to the Post-Office, Altoona, Pa. [3m.]

DR. L. D. HOFFMAN,

Surgeon Dentist,

WILL make professional visits to Ebensburg on the FIRST MONDAY OF EACH MONTH, to remain one week. Also, will be in Wilmore on the SECOND MONDAY OF EACH MONTH, to remain one day. All work warranted.

Feb. 25, 1879.-tf.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-14.-tf.]

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law,* Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [6-27.-tf.]

PATENTS!

LEVIS & BICKEL, Solicitors.

PATENTS procured on New Inventions in from 15 to 35 days. Send for circular containing useful information. Office, 131 Fifth Avenue, above Smithfield street, opposite M. E. Church, Pittsburgh, Pa. [5-14.-11m.]

$10 to $1000 invested in Wall St. Stocks make fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N.Y.

30 Fancy Cards, Chromo, Snowflake, &c., no 2 alike with name, 10c. J. Minkler & Co., Nassau, N.Y.

Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., N.Y.

A DEED OF HEROISM.

HOW THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW WAS ACCOMPLISHED.

Perhaps the most daring deed ever won by old England's Legion of Honor was that which was successfully performed by Kavanagh during the Indian mutiny. Lucknow was besieged, and its garrison was starving. Besides the little band of devoted men, there were also women and children cooped up in the Residency, at the mercy of some fifty or sixty thousand savage and relentless foes. Daily, nay hourly, the little garrison was growing weaker and weaker, and nearer and nearer were pressing the sepoys, until it became a matter of life and death to the heroic few that Sir Colin Campbell, who was known to be advancing to their relief, should be at once informed of their real state and their inability to hold out much longer. A volunteer was called for, a man who would consent to be disguised as a sepoy, and who would risk his life among the mutineers, in order to make the best of his way to the advancing army. The call was immediately responded to, and two or three men expressed their willingness to undertake the task.

From these brave volunteers an Irishman named Kavanagh was chosen, who to his other various qualifications added a knowledge of the enemy's customs and a thorough acquaintance with their language. The commandant shook the brave man by the hand and frankly informed him of the dangerous nature of the task he had undertaken; how it was more than probable that he might meet his death in the attempt. But the gallant fellow persisted; and his skin was at once colored by means of burnt cork and other material to the necessary hue. He was then dressed in the regular outfit of a sepoy soldier. When night set in he started on his lonely and perilous mission amid the hearty "God-speeds" of the famishing garrison. In his breast he carried dispatches for Sir Colin Campbell, with the contents of which he had been made acquainted in case of their loss.

He succeeded after many narrow escapes and great hardship—during which he often had to pass night after night in the detested enemy's camp, and to march shoulder to shoulder with them in the day time; and when he left them, to swim across rivers, or to crawl through the tangled thickets where the deadly tiger asserts his sway—in reaching Sir Colin Campbell's camp; where, to finish his stirring adventures, he was fired at and nearly shot by the British outposts. Kavanagh's narrative was listened to with rapt attention by Sir Colin, who immediately gave orders for the army to advance as quickly as possible to the aid of the gallant defenders of the Residency. How the latter was rescued is a matter of history. Kavanagh lived long enough to wear the cross though he lost his life shortly afterward in battle with the same enemy.

A CAR LOAD is nominally 20,000 lbs. It is also 70 barrels of salt, 70 of lime, 90 of flour, 60 of whisky, 200 sacks of flour, 6 cords of soft wood, 18 or 20 head of cattle, 50 or 60 head of hogs, 80 or 100 head of sheep, 9,000 feet of solid boards, 17,000 feet of siding, 13,000 feet of flooring, 40,000 shingles, one-half less hard lumber, one-fourth less of green lumber, one-tenth of joist, scantling and other large timbers, 340 bushels of wheat, 400 of corn, 680 of oats, 400 of barley, 350 of flaxseed, 350 of apples, 320 of Irish potatoes, 360 of sweet potatoes, 1,000 of bran.

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS.

F. W. HAY & SON

Manufacturers,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet Iron Wares

AND DEALERS IN

HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

Sheet Metals,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

EBENSB'G WOOLEN FACTORY.

COUNTRY WORK A SPECIALTY.

THE undersigned having recently purchased the property known as the Ebensburg Woolen FACTORY from the Assignee of A. Y. & Geo. W. Jones, desire to call the attention of the public to the fact that they propose putting said Factory in operation forthwith for the purpose of doing all kinds of COUNTRY WORK, such as Carding, Dyeing, Spinning, Weaving, &c. Will also Manufacture Blankets, Flannels, Cassimers and Yarn.

Having secured the services of an EXPERIENCED and PRACTICAL man to manage the business, we can guarantee entire satisfaction to all who favor us with their custom.

F. H. BARKER.
ALVIN EVANS.
ED. JAMES.

Ebensburg, May 2, 1879.-tf.

B. O. Oeschger,

FASHIONABLE CUTTER AND COSTUMER,

EBENSBURG, PA.

SHOP in Gurley Building, on High street, where choice samples of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., from which selections can be made, will at all times be kept on hand, and full suits or single articles of wearing apparel for either gents or youths will be made to order on the shortest notice, in the latest and best style, and at the lowest living price. Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases and the best of work furnished fully as cheap as inferior clothing can be bought ready-made. ☞ A trial is earnestly solicited. B. O. OESCHGER.

Ebensburg, May 25, 1870.-tf.

A. M. KEIM, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High street, west of Julian street, and nearly opposite the Blair House. Consultations in both German and English. Night calls should be made at the office. [5-9, 77.-tf.]

RIGHTS OF THE ROAD.

Judge Bennett, whoever and wherever he is, defines the law of the highway as follows:

If a farm is bound by, on or upon a road, it usually extends to the middle of the roadway. The farmer owns the soil of half the road, and may use the grass, trees, stones, gravel, sand, or any-thing of value to him, either on the land or beneath the surface, subject only to the superior rights of the public to travel over the road, and that of the highway surveyor to use such materials for the repair of the road; and these materials he may cart away and use elsewhere on the road. No other man has a right to feed his cattle there, or cut the grass and trees, much less to deposit his wood, old carts, wagons or other things thereon. (8 Met, 376, 8 Allen, 473. 1 Pa. St. 336). The owner of a drove of cattle which stops to feed in front of your land, or of a drove of pigs which root up the soil, is responsible to you at law, as much as if they did the same things within the fence. No children have a right to pick up the apples under your trees although the same stand wholly outside the fence. No private person has a right to cut or lop off the limbs of your trees in order to move his old barn or other building along the highway (4 Cush, 437), and no traveler can hitch his horse to your trees in the sidewalk with being liable, if he gnaws the bark or otherwise injures them (54 Me., 460). If your well stands partly on your land and partly outside the fence, no neighbor can use it except by your permission. Nay more, no man has a right to stand in front of your land and insult you with abusive language without being liable to you for trespassing on your land (2 Barb., 330). He has a right to pass and repass in an orderly and becoming manner; a right to use the road but not to abuse it. But notwithstanding the farmer owns the soil of the road, even he cannot use it for any purpose which interferes with the use of it by the public for travel. He cannot put his pig-pen wagons, wood or other things there, if the highway surveyor orders them away as obstructing public travel. If he leaves such things outside his fence, and within the limits of the highway as actually laid out, but some distance from the traveled path, and a traveler runs into them in the night and is injured, the owner is not only liable to him for private damages (15 Conn., 225), but may also be indicted and fined for obstructing a public way. And if he has a fence or wall along the highway he must place it all on his own land, and not half on the road as in case of division fences between neighbors (4 Gray, 225). But as he owns the soil if the road is discontinued, or located elsewhere, the land reverts to him, and he may inclose it to the centre and use it as a part of his farm.

THE ARGAN TREE.—Dr. Hooker gives a full and very interesting account of the argan tree in his "Journal of a Tour in Morocco." He says:

"It is found on a strip of land about forty miles wide, which exteads along the coast some two hundred miles. It is absolutely unknown elsewhere in the world. This tree was first described about the year 1510 by Leo Africanus, who saw it in its native habitat. It is closely allied to the Sideroxydon (iron wood), a tropical genus. The wood is extremely hard, fine-grained, of a yellow color, and apparently indestructible by insects. It is of slow growth, and occurs on sandy soils, and on barren hills, where irrigation is impossible. Not far from Mogador is a large specimen, probably three hundred years old. It measures twenty-six feet in girth. Three immense branches extend from the trunk at only three feet from the ground, one of which rests on the ground and measures eleven feet in circumference. The spread of the branches covers an area of seventy feet across. The tree attains only a very moderate height. As the trees throw out branches near the ground, goats frequently climb them to obtain the oily fruit which they bear. Dr. Hooker observes that he had not been accustomed to consider the goat an arboreal quadruped. The oil extracted from the nuts is used by the natives for many domestic purposes, but has a rank and unpleasant flavor, not relished by those unaccustomed to it. About fifty tons is annually consumed. The argan tree is a striking feature of the plains of Southwestern Morocco. It never forms a dense forest, but is distributed in clumps where few other trees are found."

INCORPORATED IN 1857.

STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.

PROTECTION MUTUAL

FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY

OF EBENSBURG, PA.

Premium Notes now in force - $120,000.

Only Five Assessments in 2 Years.

NO STEAM MILLS TAKEN.

GOOD FARM PROPERTES

ESPECIALLY DESIRED.

GEO. M. READE, President.

T. W. DICK, Secretary.

Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1879 -1y.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & CO.

BANKERS,

Ebensburg, Penn'a.

MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT

PAYABLE ON DEMAND.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.

MONEY LOANED, COLLECTIONS MADE,

AND A GENERAL

BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

☞ Special attention paid to business of correspondents. A. W. BUCK
Nov. 19, 1875.-tf. Cashier.

Removed to Bank Building

—Next Door to Freidhoff's New Store.

CARL RIVINIUS,

Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,

EBENSBURG, PA.,

HAS always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, &c., which he offers for sale at lower prices than any other dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in both work and price.

Ebensburg INSURANCE AGENCY.

T. W. DICK,

General Insurance Agent,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Policies written at short notice in the

OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies.

Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1878.-1y.*

J. C. McCINLEY'S

DINING ROOMS!

For Ladies and Gentlemen,

161 Wood Street, PITTSBURGH, PA.

FINEST DINING ROOMS IN THE CITY.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS, OYSTERS and SUPPERS served at short notice.

Nov. 22, 1878.-tf.

NOTICE.—Dr. ALEX. TAIT, of St. Augustine, Pa., requests parties owing him to call at his office and settle their respective accounts on *or before the 30th day of September next* after which date his books will be left in the hands of an officer for collection. [8-8-4t.]

ALEXANDER TAIT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. ☞ Office and residence adjoining Post Office, St. Augustine, Cambria county, Pa. [4-4.-1y.38*.]

NEW GOODS!

REVOLUTION IN ALTOONA.

THE GOLDEN BUBBLE BURSTS,

BUT THE GREAT SUCCESS OF THE SEASON AT THE

Clothing House

Is still a booming, bringing Relentless Slaughter to High Prices and Glad Tidings to all the People! Meantime Hundreds of Men, Women and Children continue to carry away armsful of Goods as the result of Fearful Financial Failures.

WE SNATCHED THESE

GOODS AT PRICES SO LOW

that we can sell you anything you want in the line of Clothing at figures no one has ever dreamed of.

THE PEOPLE ARE WILD!

THE EXCITEMENT INCREASING!

A TERRIBLE PAINC FROM THE VERY START!

Customers will please call early in the morning to make their purchases, as we find it necessary in the afternoon to employ a police force to keep the surging mass of humanity in circulation.

FOLLOWING WE GIVE A FEW OF THE MANY BARGAINS WE OFFER TO CASH BUYERS:

A Man's Suit for $4.00 that others sell at $6.00.
A Man's Suit for $5.00 that others sell at $8.00.
A Man's Suit for $7.00 that others sell at $10.00.
A Man's Suit for $8.00 that others sell at $12.00.
A Man's Suit for $10.00 that others sell at $15.00.
A Man's Blue Suit for $8.00 that others sell at $15.00.
A Man's pair of Working Pant's for 50c.
A Man's pair of extra good Working Pants for 75c.
A Man's White Vest for 50c.
A Man's pair of Overalls for 20c.
A Man's good Calico Shirt for 40c.
A Man's good White Dress Shirt for 50c.
A Man's Hat for 38c.
A pair of Men's Suspenders for 7c.
Men's Socks, 6 pairs for 25c.
A Boy's Hat for 25c.
A Boy's Coat, Pants and Vest for $2.25.

And a thousand and one other things we have neither time nor space to enumerate; but just come and see the rush at the

RENOWNED AND POPULAR

Young America

CLOTHING EMPORIUM!

Corner ELEVENTH AVENUE and ELEVENTH Street,

April 25, 1879.-6m. ALTOONA, PA.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS!

PIANOS and ORGANS!

THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST HOUSE IN PENN'A.

Having recently accepted the General Agency for Central Pennsylvania (in addition to our old territory), with headquarters and

LARGE STORE ROOM AT 1404 ELEVENTH AVE., ALTOONA,

IN CHARGE OF MR. GEORGE W. GOOD,

And being desirous of extending our already immense sales of the most celebrated and most desirable

PIANOS AND ORGANS

Ever introduced to a music-loving public, we respectfully invite all who are desirous of purchasing a

First-Class Instrument

OF EITHER KIND TO GIVE US A CALL.

WE SELL NO PIANO OR ORGAN

THAT WE CANNOT FULLY WARRANT, AND BEING THE

Largest Dealers in the State

OUR PRICES ARE THE LOWEST.

Our House was established in 1831 in Pittsburgh, where we will continue at No. 79 Fifth Avenue.

Instruments Sold on Small Monthly Payments.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES AND PRICE LISTS.

PIANOS { Haines Brothers. WEBER. NEWTON & CO. } ORGANS { PALACE. STERLING. Mason & Hamlin. }

GEO. W. GOOD,

1404 Eleventh Avenue, Altoona, Pa.

MELLOR & HENRICKS,

[6-27.] 79 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. [3m.]

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,

—ALWAYS HAVE THE—

Largest and Cheapest Stock of

Dry and Dress Goods,

NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,

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THE VIRTUES OF LEMONS.

The lemon tree is a native of Asia, although it is cultivated in Italy, Portugal, and in the south of France. In Europe, however, it seldom exceeds the dimensions of the smallest tree, while in its native state it grows to over ninety feet in height. Every part of this tree is valuable in medicine, though we rarely employ any of it but its fruit, that is the lemon itself. And every one knows how to employ this, as in lemonade: To squeeze the juice into cold water—this is the shortest way—or to cut it in slices and then boil it. Either way is good. Lemonade is one of the best and safest drinks for any person, whether in health or not. It is suitable to all stomach diseases, is excellent in sickness—in cases of jaundice, gravel, liver complaints, inflammation of the bowels and fevers. It is a specific against worms and skin complaints. The pippins crushed may also be used with water and sugar, and be used as a drink.—Lemon juice is the best anti-scorbutic remedy known. It not only cures the disease, but prevents it. Sailors make a daily use of it for this purpose. I advise everyone to rub their gums daily with lemon juice, to keep them in health. The hands and nails are also kept clean, white, soft and supple by the daily use of lemon instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains. Lemon is used in intermittent fevers, mixed with strong, hot black coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part affected with a cut lemon. It is valuable also to cure warts, and to destroy dandruff on the head by rubbing the roots of the hair with it. In fact, its uses are manifold, and the more we employ it, externally, the better we shall find ourselves. Natural remedies are the best, and nature is our best doctor, if we would only listen to her. Decidedly rub your hands, head and gums with lemon and drink lemonade in preference to all other liquids.

RESCUED BY A TROUT.

Estimated by their game qualities and the difficulty sometimes experienced in safely landing them, the largest specimens of our mountain trout weigh like a sturgeon. This fact is established whenever the trout hooked in a pool with sufficient depth and spread of water can bring to bear in his native element the full resisting force of his remarkably strong and active tail. Illustrative of this, a story is told of the experience of two professional fishers who recently went out from Helena to the Big Black foot, one a doctor and the other a lawyer. In a very brief time they had a basket of beauties for their pains, but the fascination of the sport kept them tossing their flies into the clear waters of the magnificent stream. Finally one man hooked a "bouncer," one of which he had most yearned to try his skill. The pool was deep and broad, and, work as finesse as the doctor might, the trout held to the water. The lawyer, resting his companion, tried his strength and tact, but with no better luck. The trout seemed quite master of the situation, nor could he be towed or tucked out. The contest finally culminated in a most exciting scene. Determined to secure the prize, and forgetting he could not swim, the valiant doctor, throwing aside his coat and boots, jumped into the depths of the stream. It was a rash act, and to save him the lawyer was forced to plunge in after him. A fair swimmer, he reached his struggling companion, and holding on to the pole and tackle with one hand, lifted with the other his companion's head above water. But the lawyer found he could not bring his burden to shore, and only by superhuman effort could he keep himself and companion from sinking. At the very point of drowning the trout came to the rescue, straightened out the line, and after a few sportive pranks hauled the two men out of the pool to shallow water. Grateful for the service thus obligingly rendered, the fish was permitted to disappear over the rapids down stream. This story is confirmed by the testimony of both gentlemen concerned and by the trout itself, which has since been seen towing the tackle of and down the waters of the Blackfoot.—*Helena (Montana) Herald.*

INHERITED MEMORY IN BIRDS.—About twelve years ago I was residing on the coast of county Antrim, at the time the telegraph wires were set up along that charming road, which skirts the sea for twenty-five miles between Larne and Cushendall. During the winter months large flocks of starlings always migrated over from Scotland, arriving in the early morning. These winter after the wires were strung along the coast I frequently found numbers of starlings lying dead or wounded on the roadside, they having evidently in their flight in the dusky morn struck against the telegraph wires—not blown against them, as these accidents often occurred when there was but little wind. I found that the peasantry had come to the conclusion that these unusual deaths were due to the flash of the telegraph messages killing any starlings that happened to be perched on the wires when working. Strange to say throughout the following and succeeding winters hardly a death occurred among the starlings on their arrival. It would thus appear that the birds were deeply impressed and understood the cause of the fatal accidents among their fellow travelers the previous year, and hence carefully avoided the telegraph wires; not only so, but the young birds must also have acquired this knowledge and perpetuated it, a knowledge which they could not have acquired by experience or even instinct, unless the instinct was really inherited memory derived from the parents whose brains were deeply impressed by it.—*Nature.*

LIFE'S CHANGES.—It is asserted that about the age of 26 the lean man usually becomes fatter, and the fat man leaner. Between the ages of 43 and 50 his appetite fails, his complexion fades, and his tongue is apt to be furred upon the least exertion of mind or body. At this period his muscles become flabby, he grows weak, his spirits drooping, and his sleep imperfect and unrefreshing. After suffering under these complaints for a time, or perhaps two, he starts afresh with renewed vigor, and goes on to old age, when a similar change takes place, but with aggravated symptoms. When these periods have been successively passed the gravity of incumbent years is more strongly marked, and he begins to think of his age.

—The experiment has been made of sowing oats and wheat together with a view to obtain a winter covering for the wheat. The seed, in the proportion of one part of oats to two parts wheat, was sown in the fall, and the oats sprung up quickly and were killed by the early frost, the stalks and heads lying on the ground all winter, preventing the snow from blowing away and preventing the sun from thawing the frozen ground. In the spring the dead oats made a good top dressing for the growing wheat. The crop of wheat the following season was reported to be excellent, while wheat on the adjoining land planted in the usual manner was of no value.